

MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

ἀληθεύων ἐν ἀγάπῃ.—Speaking the truth in love.

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No. 7.

Staccato.

AFTER the second act of a new opera two acquaintances met in the foyer of the theatre. Before they had had time to exchange a word, one of them yawned violently, whereupon the other said, "Curious! I was just about to make the same remark."

A CONVINCING REASON.—"George, your cousin is a charming girl; I should like to win her for my wife."—"For heaven's sake do nothing of the kind."—"Why not?"—"She cannot play the piano."—"Well, that is no great drawback."—"I beg your pardon; she cannot play the piano, but she plays it all the same."

CHERUBINI was present at the funeral of S. Borton, who had been one of the Conservatoire Professors under his direction, and who was not distinguished in his lifetime for excessive punctuality. There was some delay in the arrival of the funeral procession, which annoyed Cherubini, who, turning to his neighbour, remarked, "That man is always too late."

PROUD FATHER: "I tell you, sir, my daughter is a great *artiste*. Amalie, my dear, let us have one of your songs. (After she has sung) Now, sir, what do you say to that?" Stranger: "H'm—I suppose your daughter is a great painter."

DONIZETTI'S skull, which is among the objects of interest at the Bologna Musical Exhibition, has passed through many vicissitudes since the composer's death in 1848. It first fell into the hands of two surgeons, who told no one to whom it had belonged, because they had obtained it surreptitiously for medical purposes. It next found its way into a butcher's shop, where it served the owner as a vessel to hold his small change. Finally, it was thrown into a dust-heap, whence it was rescued by a person who had somehow discovered that it was the skull of Donizetti.

THE following are a few curious, not to say comical, titles of pianoforte pieces by old-world composers. In 1696 appeared "Fresh Clavichord Fruit, or seven Sonates of Good Method and Invention, to play upon the Clavichord." This fruit was the work of Johann Kuhnau. In the middle of the 17th century Johann Kellner issued "Manipulus Musices, or a Handful of Pastime for the Clavichord." A sonorous and high-sounding title is that of "Mind and Ear-pleasing Studies for the Clavichord, consisting of six easy, polite pieces, adapted to the taste of the present day, and especially composed for the female sex," by Michael Schenck-slut.

MUSIC and the drama have furnished the subjects of a large number of pictures at the Paris Salon this year. Four or five scenes are taken from Shakespeare's plays. Two large canvases by M. Fantin are entitled "Rheingold" and "La Damnation de Faust" respectively.

M. JULES GARNIER sends a study of the Renaissance period called "La Pavane," and M. de Callias, "A Rehearsal of Gluck." There are also various minor works with such titles as "Andante," "The Violinist," "Music," "Melody," "A Solo," etc.

FOUR sacred concerts have taken place at Constantinople in the chapel of the German Embassy, under the leadership of Herr Paul Langer; from the name of the conductor and the style of the programmes, they gave one the idea that they were to be performed in Germany. There was no lack of soloists. The English and foreign papers in Constantinople are full of the praise of these concerts.

ONE of our foreign correspondents while *en voyage* to Australia, writes us thus from the Suez Canal, on board the *Austral*:—"We have Mr. Cowen, his brother, and the nucleus of his orchestra on board. The eminent composer is generally seen with a meerschaum pipe in his mouth during the day. He sometimes joins in a game, which consists of throwing flat stones on to an inclined board numbered in squares. He also disported himself in the dance on deck last Wednesday evening, the music for which was supplied by some of the members of his band. It was very good of them to trouble themselves to amuse others. Mr. Cowen came on board at Naples, having travelled thither from London in about two and a half days. We frequently get good instrumental music."

A SOLITARY word for the street organs. An Australian correspondent writes:—"I noted a hit at street organs in which I sympathize, yet with compunction, for the dreadful things are, after all, the true 'Beggars' Opera.' In Pilgrim Lane they do, I'm sure, bring solace and diversion. If only they would keep to that neighbourhood; but then they wouldn't pay! I can't help a little relenting, though I'm truly glad we have but few of the *imps* here."

A FABLE for carping critics:—"An ancient critic having collected all the faults of a famous Greek poet, presented them to Apollo. The god received them graciously; and wishing to make him a suitable return for his labours, set before him a sack of wheat just thrashed out from the sheaf. He commanded the critic to pick out from the corn all the chaff, and to lay it aside. He entered upon his task with alacrity; and having separated all the chaff from the wheat, was presented by Apollo with the chaff."

OUR character as an unmusical nation is sometimes shown, not in our absence, but our presence at concerts where we have no business to go. Good they may be—the very best; but while we persist in going late, and insisting upon our reserved seats, however difficult to reach at that hour,—while we keep up whispered conversations and asides almost as audible as on the stage,—while we depart in like manner at any moment convenient to ourselves, however inconvenient to others,—we have no musical right there, and are only tolerated for the money we pay.

AT the second of Dr. Von Bülow's recitals there was a perfect commotion at the door for a good third of the time, and the Doctor, albeit a vigorous player, was well-nigh inaudible—and Beethoven wholly so—to the unfortunate music-lovers whose evil fate gave them seats within a wide radius of the doors, especially on the Regent Street side.

THE nuisance at length became so intolerable, that an indignant gentleman, who was himself standing near the door, and quietly waiting for the close of the sonata before he sought his stall, courageously barred the way, and not the most enterprising lady could pass—although one or two tried to do so—until the last chord of the sonata sounded.

WE are told that a rule exists forbidding entrance or exit during a piece or, at any rate, a movement. Why is it not enforced? An orchestral concert more or less drowns the noise of late entrances; but a chamber concert, and, still more, a recital, is utterly spoiled to the musical audience by the selfish vagaries of the unmusical. The Princess of Wales sets a good example, but who follows it?

OUR magazine may take upon itself a mission of pleasantness and joy; it is much needed. Says an Antipodean correspondent, speaking of English literature:—"It is sad to note in the current magazines how gloomy and pessimistic is the general tone. Is it a sign of the ageing of the world, or only a passing dyspepsia? There is so little joyous courage in the onlooking. Perhaps it is choking, from the overcrowding: not sufficient mental ozone now that there are more people in the world than ever before." Music, "the most joyous of all the arts," it is our hope and aim to spread.

THE recitative from the opera of "Giulio Cesare," which we print in this month's supplement, is one of the finest pieces of musical eloquence that the art ever produced. Dr. Burney says of it, that when sung by Senesino (at the Handel Commemoration), it produced an effect never before equalled, and at the Ancient Concerts, some fifty years ago, Pacchierotti used to draw tears from his auditors by his pathetic manner of declaiming it.

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Music in "The Lothians" Studio.

POUR FORTH THE WINE.

*Pour forth the wine, the ruby wine!
And with thine eyes look into mine,
Thou friend of olden days!
Cheer me with love and truth, for I
Oft seek in vain, beneath the sky,
The true heart, from the open eye
That looks with guileless gaze.*

*A cold and caution-cruised race
Here fans few joys in me;
But when I see a clear, bright face,
I flourish, and am free!*

*Pour forth the wine, the ruby wine!
And with thine eyes look into mine,
Thou friend of olden days!
Speak of devotion's fiery breath,
Friendship, and love more strong than death:
And high resolve, and manly faith
That walks in open-ways.*

*Look as thou didst long years ago,
And read my heart with thine,
That love and truth may freely flow,
And bless the ruby wine!*

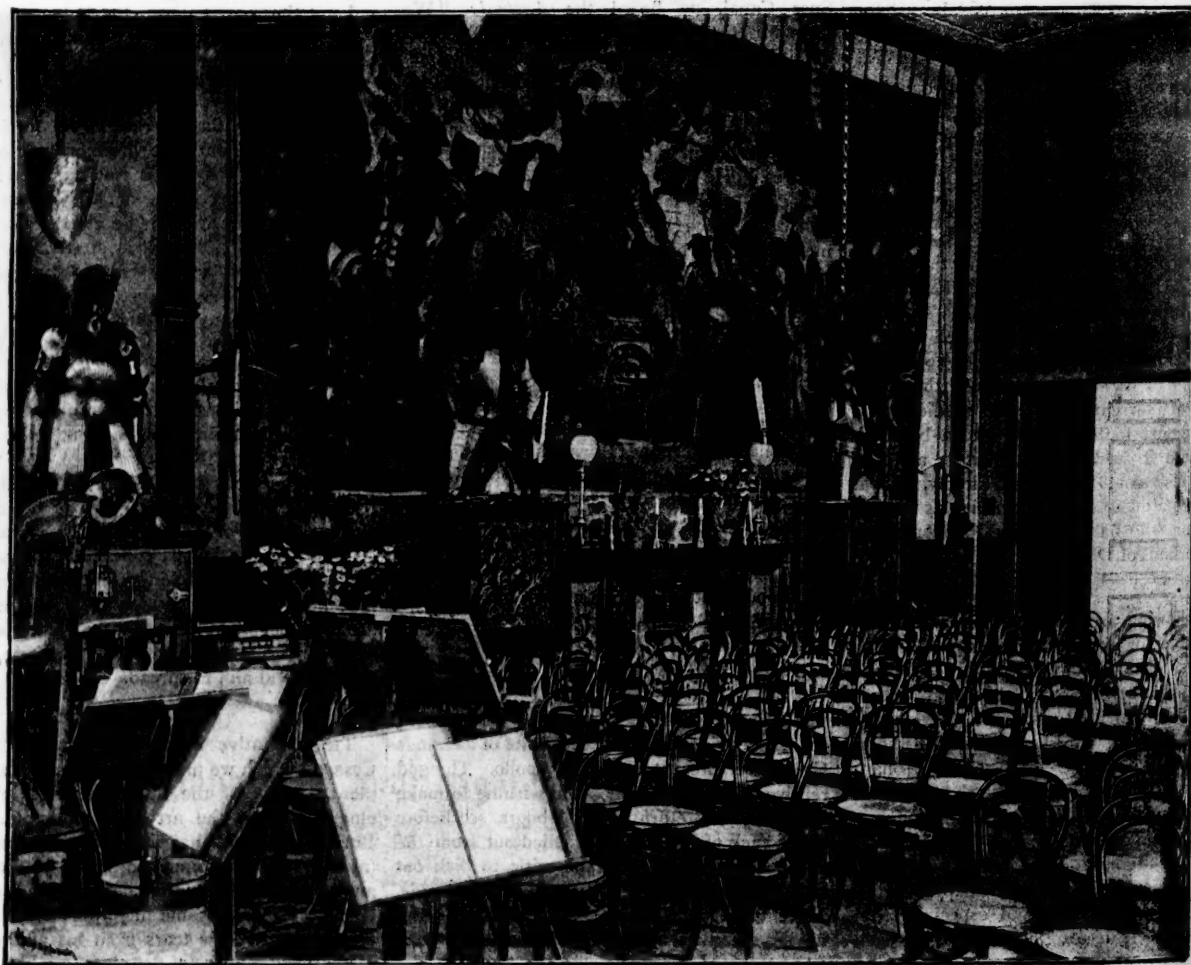
JOHN STUART BLACKIE.



MR. HAMISH MACCUNN AND SOME OF THE ORCHESTRA.

MUSIC and Art are twin sisters, and by a happy inspiration the brilliant young composer, Mr. Hamish MacCunn, and his artist friend Mr. John Pettie, have drawn closer at "The Lothians" the bond that unites them. All Londoners know that the suburb of St. John's Wood is the home of art. We think of the studios and their happy occupants. Does not Thackeray say that painters are the happiest of mortals, and the most devoted to their art? But on the 30th of May music reigned supreme in the spacious

and lofty studio of Mr. Pettie, R.A. That distinguished painter is a Scotchman, a kindly man, and a hospitable. Mr. MacCunn is a Scotchman too, and a genius, as all the artistic world knows by this time. Mr. Manns and Mr. Henschel have stamped his productions with the seal of their approval. They have brought out the emanations of his genius, and at the Crystal Palace and St. James's Hall, crowds of music lovers have listened to the wild, original, and strongly national compositions with a delight only exceeded by that of the young



THE LOTHIAN'S STUDIO ARRANGED FOR THE CONCERT.

musician himself. To hear the ideas and creations of one's own brain thus realized in sound, is indeed worth living for.

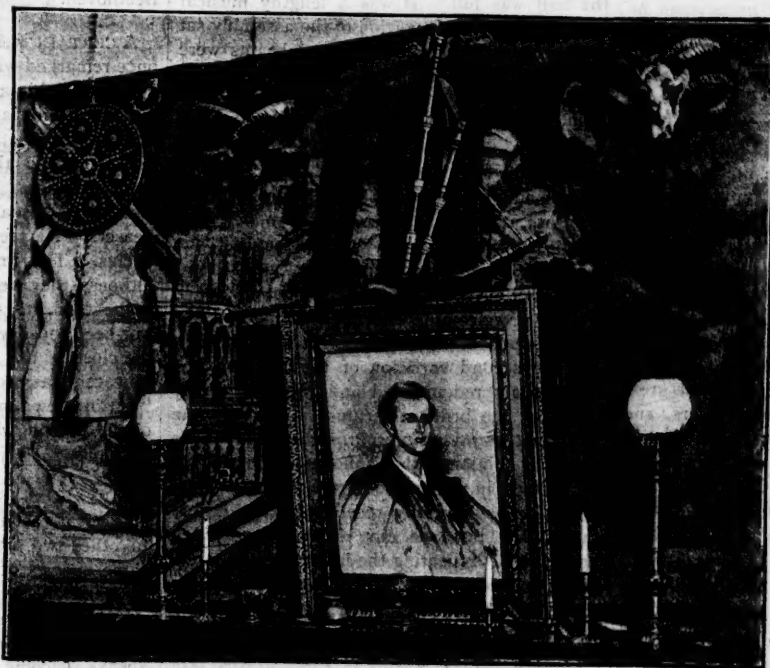
It was a bold idea to bring an orchestra into a painter's studio; and, but for its great height, the music might have been drowned in the waves of sound—an effect we have experienced even in the Town Hall at Birmingham. But we had faith in the artists who formed the orchestra, and also in Mr. MacCunn. It was a lovely evening, at the close of the Derby Day; and driving through the crowds of people waiting to see the folks returning from Epsom, we congratulated ourselves on the quietude of the north-western suburb. We were early at The Lothians, and so able to look about us a little before the great studio filled.

We felt the wisdom of our host in advising us to seek the seat farthest from the orchestra, which was arranged in the upper and smaller end of the hall,—the special sanctum of its master,—with heavy crimson curtains, now drawn back, capable of separating it from the main body of the studio. Of course the light is carefully subjected to artist arrangements by day, but now the gas was lighted, and kept low as long as possible for obvious reasons. "Come with me," said Mr. Pettie, "I will show you the lighting of the room." In the dim, rich light, we could see some of the interesting and harmonious accessories of a great studio; though much had been removed to give all available sitting and standing room on this occasion. The spirited sketch of Mr. MacCunn, reproduced in our March issue, stood upon a mantel at one end. "Yes," continued our guide, as we paused in front of the picture and commented thereon, "the impulse to sketch MacCunn came to me one morning, and I did what you see in one long sitting." As we looked round the studio, tapestry hangings, suits of armour,—some bright steel, some dark bronze,—pictures, hanging book-shelves, and tall plants, pleased the eye at every turn; and there was a fragrance of azaleas which satisfied the sensitive olfactory nerves, so powerful for pleasure or its opposite. At the far end, near the entrance, a powerfully-drawn head arrested our attention. "A study of John Baptist," said our friend. "It is

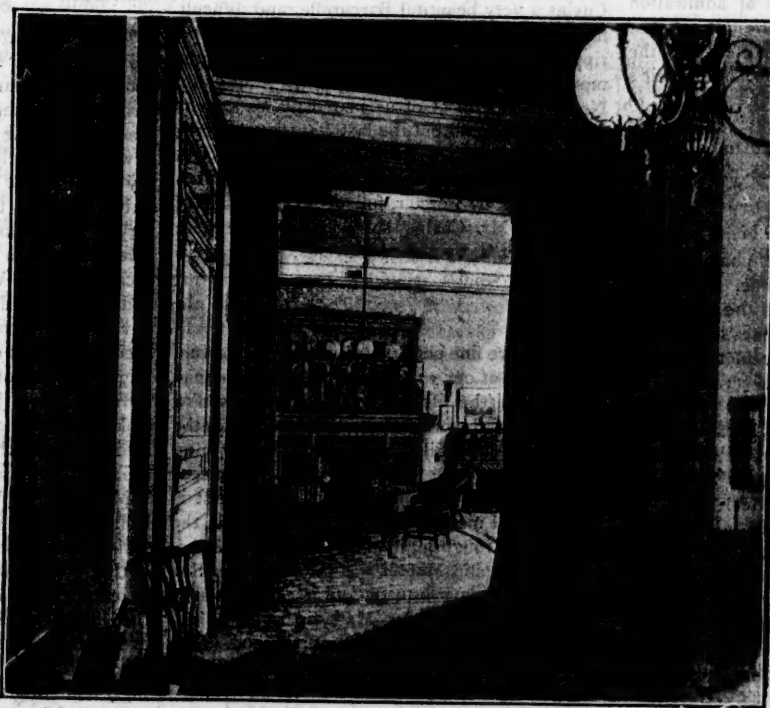
not often I want to keep a picture after I have painted it, but that one I should not like to part with." As the audience began to arrive, and the lights to brighten, the interior, with its polished floor and variously attired occupants, looked like some picture by Du Maurier of an aspect of

conductor flitted about, looking very unassuming and a little like Mendelssohn. On every seat lay a large pink programme; and when we consulted it, we found Mr. MacCunn's music sandwiched cleverly in between Wagner and Mendelssohn, and Schumann and Schubert, Liszt on Bach, and Berlioz upon Weber.

The concert opened with Wagner,—the "Meistersinger Overture," which certainly tried the capacity of the hall. Mendelssohn's delicious overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream" was far better suited to the conditions of the concert. Then Mr. Henry Pope stood forth to sing "Pour forth the Wine, the Ruby Wine," by Mr. MacCunn, a spirited and very original song, pretty strongly orchestrated. The second verse was repeated at the evident wish of the audience. Schumann's "Introduction and Allegro Appassionata" was played, with the orchestra, by Miss Marian Osborn, whose playing, though very good, was not sufficiently heard. Mr. MacCunn's concert overture, "The Land of the Mountain and the Flood," gave us a foretaste of what was soon to follow. The Shepherd's Melody and Ballet from the Rosamonde music was delightfully given; and then "The Ship o' the Fiend," Mr. MacCunn's Ballad for orchestra, which improves with each hearing. It is too well known now to need description; the singular ballad it illustrates so dramatically was followed with deep interest to the sudden and tragic ending, when a burst of hearty applause testified to the satisfaction of the audience. The playing of Liszt's arrangement of Bach's well-known fantasia and fugue in G minor, by Miss Osborn, deserves much praise. The concert ended with Berlioz' orchestral arrangement of Weber's "Invitation à la Valse." There was a delightful atmosphere of unconventionality in the whole proceedings. Most noticeable was the rapt attention with



A CORNER OF THE STUDIO, WITH PORTRAIT OF HAMISH MACCUNN, PAINTED BY MR. JOHN PETTIE, R.A.



ENTRANCE TO "THE LOTHIAN'S" DRAWING-ROOM.

London life. The men looked literary or artistic, the women smiling and gracious; and the kindly host spared no pains to make all comfortable. Many were known to each other; and some, by sight, to all. Among these last, Mr. Henschel's keen and friendly aspect may be noted. Musicians, artists, sculptors, critics, editors,—all looked ready to be pleased; and the young composer and

which the performances were received; at ordinary concerts there is more or less a feeling in the air that conversation is going on somewhere—here a slight movement or rustle at times only made manifest the quiet enthusiasm of the listeners. "Art for art's sake,"—this sentiment animated conductor, orchestra, and audience.

Musical life in London.

JUNE has enjoyed its usual plethora of concerts and opera, not to speak, as yet, of the Handel Festival. To recount the operatic performances would fill a space larger than is allotted to us. Many of our readers will, as Londoners or country cousins, have witnessed some of them. Those who have not been able to do so, may be interested to know that Mr. Augustus Harris has been successful in obtaining first-rate artistes, strong casts, and large and brilliant audiences; that all the accessories have been on a liberal scale, the stage mountings magnificent, and the choral effects heightened by a large number of additional voices. In such scenes as the Kermesse and the return of the soldiers in "Faust," the great stage is nearly filled with the soldiers and citizens; and the result, both to eye and ear, is most imposing. Representations have been given of "Lucrezia Borgia," "Carmen," "Traviata," "Faust," "Don Giovanni," "Rigoletto," "Lucia," "Figaro," "Trovatore," "L'Africaine," and "Les Huguenots."

THE Richter, Philharmonic, Hallé, and Sarasate Concerts have been continued. Dr. Richter has given much Wagnerian music, to the intense gratification of many of his hearers. Liszt's "Todtentanz" was again performed, which produces, upon the whole, a stupor of amazement in the hearers; also of admiration for the marvellous skill and strength of Mr. Fritz Hartvigson on the pianoforte. On the 5th ult., Dr. Richter produced Dr. Mackenzie's newest overture intended as a prelude to Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," and also brought out Master Henri Marteau, a lad of about 13, and a pupil of M. Léonard, on the violin.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ's third chamber concert was an especially good one. Dvorák's pianoforte trio in F minor was the first work given, and was new to St. James's Hall. It was very interesting, especially in the second and third movements (*allegretto grazioso* and *poco adagio*). Another novelty was Marcello's Sonata in D minor for 'cello, admirably played by Herr Franz Neruda. Schubert's Fantasia in C for pianoforte and violin was exquisitely rendered by Mr. (now Sir Charles) Hallé and Mme. Neruda. Brahms' trio in C minor was also much and deservedly applauded; but the Schubert was the gem of the concert. Hallé's playing of Beethoven has always a peculiar charm. He makes the piano speak and sing, and does not force other effects from it, for which neither the instrument nor Beethoven's sonatas were intended.

SEÑOR SARASATE has given a most successful and brilliant series of concerts. His own individuality appears most strongly in his playing, wherein he differs from Joachim, who loses himself in his composer. One ought not to compare these great artists, but be thankful for both. Sarasate is irresistible; his impetuosity, the flash of his eyes, and of his bow and fingers combined, is something quite unique. The music which suits him best is dramatic or strongly national, and his own compositions are delightful, as played by him.

A VERY promising programme filled St. James's Hall on the 7th ult., at Mr. Cusins' annual concert. Madame Nordica's charming presence and equally charming voice, pure, brilliant, and free from vibrato; Señor Sarasate, Signor Piatti, and Mr. Santley; and Mrs. Kendal in a recitation. No wonder the hall was full! It was a lengthy musical banquet, but a large portion of the assembly sat it out, unwilling—though the sunbeams were oppressively hot—to lose any of the good things provided. Mrs. Kendal was not so easily audible as in the theatre, but that was not her fault. Madame Nordica, being recalled three times after singing Hérold's air, "Jours de mon enfance," with a long obbligation by Señor Sarasate, returned, and consulted in her easy self-possessed way with her colleagues, the result of which was Gounod's "Ave Maria" in Bach's prelude, the first notes of which elicited a welcoming cheer. Sarasate and Mr. Cusins opened the concert with the Kreutzer, and the second variation of the *andante* was vociferously redemanded and good-naturedly given by the brilliant virtuoso. He took the finale, not *presto* but *prestissimo*, at such a pace as in our opinion rather suffocated the delightful phrases, in the headlong rush of notes. Mr. Santley was cordially received as usual, and sang "Du bist wie eine Blume" and "Ich grolle nicht," repeating the latter when encored, with the good sense and good taste so characteristic of the man. He afterwards sang Schubert's "Erl König." Piatti was delightful as ever. He played one of the Lieder in Mendelssohn's last book, arranged for 'cello, and a most clever and spirited "Bergamesca" of his own, with an impetuosity and fire equal to Señor Sarasate. He also played with Mr. Cusins a very beautiful Barcarolle, and difficult finale from Rubinstein's Sonata in D. The rippling undercurrent of the 'cello in the first movement was remarkably fine. Madame Nordica kept most of us in our places to hear her two songs, all but the last item in the programme, "Toujours à toi," by Tschaiowsky, a song full of sentiment and emotion; and "Ich liebe Dich," by Forster, full of love and also of vivacity. Mr. Cusins' solos at the close were much marred by the departures, which were almost universal.

TWO more fine performances have been given, at the time of our writing, by the Philharmonic. At the first (the fifth of the present season) a new orchestral work, composed expressly for the Society by Mr. Silas, was conducted by him. The work consists of three "mythological pieces"—Aphrodite, Vulcan, and Pan. The first is graceful and melodious, the second vigorous, the third full of rough jollity. It was well received. Madame Sophie Menter was the pianiste. She gave a splendid performance of Liszt's enormously difficult concerto in A. Madame Fursch-Madi gave songs from Beethoven and Gounod. The other works were Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll," Beethoven's symphony in C minor, and Weber's overture to "Oberon." The sixth concert was conducted by the famous Norwegian composer, Herr Johann Svendsen; and his symphony in D, Op. 4, was given. The work was written in a week, a remarkable fact; for the orchestration is rich, and there are no signs of haste or crudity about it. Another interesting feature in this concert was the playing of Mr. Alfred Hollins, the blind pianist, who has just returned from America, where his singular ability has been thoroughly appreciated. He played Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto, and no one ignorant of the fact could have supposed him sightless. He is the most striking illustration

we have met with of the theory that it is better to be blind than deaf. Madame Sophie Menter's recitals have proved once more her absolute mastery over technique. She is a pupil of Tausig, and a worshipper of Liszt. Her programmes are varied and comprehensive, but she is at her best rather with Liszt than Beethoven.

A CERTAIN well-known preacher more than once remarked with an emphasis which caused us to doubt his accuracy, that he would rather preach to thirty appreciative hearers than to an ordinary crowd. Dr. Von Bülow would probably say the same thing, setting aside pecuniary considerations. Better thirty true lovers of Beethoven than a crowded audience of ordinary hearers. His recitals will form a Beethoven cyclus. The first included six sonatas, and although they were among the best known and understood, still they did not draw a full house, nor keep those who did come, in their places to the close of the recital. The doctor's playing, however, was exceptionally fine, but it is for the "fit and few" here in London in the height of the season, when folks are but too apt to be frivolous.

MR. AND MRS. HENSCHEL gave a very enjoyable vocal recital on the 1st ult. We know of no other two artistes who could accomplish the same species of entertainment so successfully. Mr. Henschel's exceptional talents as composer, player, and singer are all exemplified, and Mrs. Henschel's renderings of very varied music are always welcome. Songs and duets were given from Schubert, Bach, Handel, Bizet, Widor, Auber, Loewe, Boieldieu, Méhul, and Mr. Henschel himself. The audience, as usual, was numerous.

The three instrumental recitals given during the third week in June at St. James's Hall afforded opportunities of comparison between three distinguished pianists—Dr. Von Bülow, Madame Sophie Menter, and Charles Hallé. It would be nearly as impossible as invidious to say which is the greatest; though it would be rather amusing to obtain the votes of all the very mixed persons forming the assemblage—several of them being present at all three occasions. Dr. Von Bülow displays his broad and original and rather capricious conception of Beethoven's sonatas: he rushes on, or lingers, according to his own well-recognised will. The large number of auditors who carried Beethoven's music in their hands or memories looked at one another now and then in an astonishment which (in the fifteen variations especially) was sometimes painful.

Madame Sophie Menter commenced her brilliant recital with Beethoven's sonata, "Les Adieux, l'Absence, et le Retour." Her reading of this well-known sonata is, of course, a matter of opinion; but of her execution there cannot be the slightest doubt. It is full of power, delicacy, excellent phrasing, and perfect accuracy; her touch is deliciously crisp, or exquisitely, caressingly tender. In this work, and in Schumann's "Carnival" which followed it, all must have thought of the venerable Madame Schumann, who gave us both in her latest visit, three months or so ago. A Pastoral and Capriccio by Scarlatti, arranged by Tausig, were delightfully played; and then Liszt's extraordinary discourse to and with the Birds (*Vogelpredigt*). The afternoon was gloomy, and thunder showers had driven the London sparrows to shelter, or one would have expected them to come flying in at the windows, attracted by the marvellous bird voices inside.

After a pause, Madame Menter gave us a second part, consisting of Mendelssohn's lovely

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"Auf flugeln des Gesanges," brilliantly varied; Schumann's "Frühlingsnacht," and Schubert's "Gretchen am Spinnrade," "Auf dem Wasser zu Singen," and the "Erl König." This group of varied beauty elicited the most enthusiastic applause—the player being thrice recalled at the end of the grand song which she had so magnificently produced from the pianoforte.

The third part consisted of a barcarolle and valse by Chopin, and a most singular piece by Tausig, fuller of difficulty than of beauty. Finally, Wagner's overture to "Tannhäuser," concerning which pianoforte arrangement it must be said, that although the artiste's execution is marvellous, the instrument is obviously unsuited to so Titanic and dramatic a composition.

The third recital was Sir Charles Halle's, given on the cold and melancholy day of the Emperor Frederick's death. Madame Neruda looked sad, and by that time the tidings had reached those who were watching for them. Her playing with Hallé of Ph. G. Bach's sonata in C minor was as expressive as we ever remember to have heard from her eloquent touch; and Brahms' sonata in F was most beautifully rendered by Hallé and Franz Neruda. All four allegros were interesting, but the affettuoso and passionato especially delighted the hearers. Another of Beethoven's sonatas (Op. 106) was given by Hallé, and a trio by Lalo was performed for the first time. Hallé's playing is too well known to require description, but it is certainly in striking contrast to the other two pianists—being steady, controlled, and without startling effects. Von Bülow sat near us, and was specially interested in Madame Neruda's playing. At the other two concerts we particularly noticed the presence of Madame Frickenhaus, Mr. Alfred Hollins, with Dr. Campbell and several members of the Norwood College for the Blind; and Mr. Victor Bauer, with his interesting young people, Ethel and Harold Bauer, special reference to whom will be given in an early number of the Magazine.

ERE we close we must speak of Madame Nilsson's farewell concerts, only one of which had taken place when we went to press. Although her great successes have been on the operatic stage, her farewell is as a concert-singer, in which capacity she commenced her career. At the first of her two farewell concerts at the Albert Hall (on the 1st ult.) Madame Nilsson sang Elsa's dream music from "Lohengrin," and Marguerite's Jewel Song from "Faust." She also joined Madame Trebelli once more in the beautiful duet, "La luna immobile." Besides these, she sang "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and, as encores, Schubert's Serenade and "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls." It is needless to say that the great artiste received a most cordial reception. The orchestral music was Mendelssohn's overture to "Ruy Blas" and Wagner's prelude to "Die Meistersinger," played by Mr. Cusins' orchestra. Madame Trebelli, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Barrington Foote, and Mr. Henschel were the other singers, and Miss Kuhe gave a pianoforte solo.

THE Westminster Orchestral Society gave a concert on the 6th ult., when Mr. C. S. Macpherson conducted a concert selection from "Don Giovanni," and a new pianist, Signor Palmieri, played as a pianoforte solo, "Reminiscences of Otello," a fantasia on some of the melodies from the opera. It appears that Signor Palmieri has Verdi's sanction for this method of treating his music.

MR. APTOMMAS has given and is still continuing to give harp recitals on Wednesday afternoons at Steinway Hall.

Souvenirs of an Impresario.

BY MAURICE STRAKOSCH.

—:o:—

CHAPTER IX.

ITALIAN OPERA IN AMERICA.

THE history of Italian Opera in America is interesting even from the European standpoint, since the Americans began the practice of extravagant salaries which has ruined directors and operatic enterprise on both sides of the Atlantic.

A millionaire named Marty, of Havanah, built a theatre in that city, and inaugurated operatic representations there. He owed his wealth to a privilege which he had obtained, namely, the sole right to sell fish in the island of Cuba. The agents sent to Italy by Marty formed for him a company of high-class artistes, who contented themselves with salaries which would not satisfy second or third rate artistes now-a-days. Madame Bosio, Madame Tedesco, and Madame Steffanoni received 4000 francs per month; Marini and Badiali, basso and baritone, the same; and Salvi, the tenor, 3000 francs. The season at Havanah closed before the artistes' engagements had expired; Marty, therefore, took them to New York, and their first performances in Castle Garden were very successful.

Castle Garden was an immense hall, seating 10,000 persons, who were admitted at fifty cents each; and in spite of the low price, Marty did good business. The place, however, was not well adapted for operatic performances, being better suited to concerts. It was therefore decided to build a theatre, to be called the Astor Place Opera House, the management of which was confided for two years to M. Salvatore Patti, the father of Adelina. Up to this date (1846), operatic music had never been properly organized in America.

M. Garcia, the father of Madame Malibran, had given a few excellent representations, but the result was a financial failure in spite of Malibran's great abilities. It was with difficulty that she could meet the expenses of her voyage back to Europe; and she landed at Liverpool in midwinter in actual want of warm clothing suitable to the time of year. Although a great sensation had been created by M. Salvatore Patti's company, among whom were his daughter Amelia and his step-daughter Clotilda, he did not succeed financially; and, as I have before said, I found him stranded by a series of successive disasters.

Mr. Fry, a perfect gentleman, took the place of Salvatore Patti, but he too, being inexperienced in administrative art, was compelled to close the theatre after one year's trial. After Mr. Fry, my cousin Max Maretzek, who had been leader of the orchestra under his management, undertook the perilous enterprise of directing Italian Opera in New York. He was an excellent musician, and an active, intelligent manager. He organized a well-balanced company, with Madame Rosina Laborde (now one of the best teachers of singing in Paris) and Mdle. Bertucca. For several seasons Maretzek brought out all the new operas which appeared in Europe, with an excellence till then unknown in America; fortune smiled and frowned capriciously on his efforts, but unfortunately the final result was the same for him as for his predecessors. After this succession of failures, one might naturally suppose that

Italian Opera in New York would be abandoned as an enterprise foredoomed to loss. It was not so, however; on the contrary, some distinguished amateurs built another theatre, which they called the Academy of Music; and on my return from a brilliant tour in the States, the management was offered to me. I accepted, in association with Mr. Ullmann. Under our direction, Mesdames Frezzolini and De la Grange, Miranti, the tenor, and Formes, basso, sang; and Adelina Patti made her *début* in 1859. Ullmann, though a fine *connoisseur*, by no means shared my confidence in Adelina's rising genius. He held her talent in slight esteem, disdainfully objecting to give the rôle of Lucia to "that little thing!" Our management, which lasted for two years, served to break the spell of failure; and Italian Opera entered a phase of happier augury, still further augmented by the arrival of my brother Max Strakosch, who took my place during my absence in Europe. My object was to recruit for artistes who would maintain the rank taken by the Academy of Music in New York. There I engaged Christine Nilsson, who has shared with Adelina Patti the throne of the lyric realm.

CHAPTER X.

THE METROPOLITAN OPERA IN NEW YORK— MESSRS. ABBEY AND GRAU.

THERE are now in New York two large halls suitable for operatic purposes—the Academy of Music and the Metropolitan Opera House, each of them capable of seating from three to four thousand. Though I did not build the Opera House, the idea of it was mine, and it was my plan which was carried out in its erection. The land on which it was built belonged to Mr. Vanderbilt, the American millionaire, who died recently. After much debate, the price was fixed at 300,000 dollars (£60,000), to which Mr. Vanderbilt had agreed; but when I presented myself, with the money, to sign the contract, he declared that the sale was impossible. Fronting the site of the proposed erection stood a church, of which Mr. Vanderbilt was an influential member, and the clergyman, on hearing of the negotiations so nearly completed, besought the owner of the land not to allow such a combination of good and evil upon his property. Mr. Vanderbilt, fearing, no doubt, the victory of the opera over the church, preferred to break his word rather than risk committing such an impropriety. A few years later my project was again undertaken, and this time carried out by a company of shareholders. The most curious feature of this company was that, besides the capital subscribed by the shareholders for the 120 stalls which the theatre was to contain, seventy were sold *en perpetuité*, for 10,000 dollars, with the understanding that the company should have the right to make a call for extra funds, if the first capital proved insufficient. As is generally the case, the cost of the building exceeded the estimates of the architects. From ten thousand dollars, the stalls were increased to twenty thousand, and the total cost was two millions (£400,000); the interest upon the 600,000 dollars beyond the price of the stalls was largely covered by the letting of the offices connected with the theatre. The sale of seventy stalls for £20,000, which may appear astonishing to Europeans, is not anything unusual in New York, where the chief families of the city who purchase them are calculated to represent over £4,000,000. With such resources as these, the directors of the Metropolitan Opera Company could carry on their enterprise without any anxiety. Mr.

Musical life in London.

JUNE has enjoyed its usual plethora of concerts and opera, not to speak, as yet, of the Handel Festival. To recount the operatic performances would fill a space larger than is allotted to us. Many of our readers will, as Londoners or country cousins, have witnessed some of them. Those who have not been able to do so, may be interested to know that Mr. Augustus Harris has been successful in obtaining first-rate artistes, strong casts, and large and brilliant audiences; that all the accessories have been on a liberal scale, the stage mountings magnificent, and the choral effects heightened by a large number of additional voices. In such scenes as the Kermesse and the return of the soldiers in "Faust," the great stage is nearly filled with the soldiers and citizens; and the result, both to eye and ear, is most imposing. Representations have been given of "Lucrezia Borgia," "Carmen," "Traviata," "Faust," "Don Giovanni," "Rigoletto," "Lucia," "Figaro," "Trovatore," "L'Africaine," and "Les Huguenots."

THE Richter, Philharmonic, Hallé, and Sarasate Concerts have been continued. Dr. Richter has given much Wagnerian music, to the intense gratification of many of his hearers. Liszt's "Todtentanz" was again performed, which produces, upon the whole, a stupor of amazement in the hearers; also of admiration for the marvellous skill and strength of Mr. Fritz Hartvigson on the pianoforte. On the 5th ult., Dr. Richter produced Dr. Mackenzie's newest overture intended as a prelude to Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night;" and also brought out Master Henri Marteau, a lad of about 13, and a pupil of M. Léonard, on the violin.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ's third chamber concert was an especially good one. Dvorák's pianoforte trio in F minor was the first work given, and was new to St. James's Hall. It was very interesting, especially in the second and third movements (*allegretto grazioso* and *poco adagio*). Another novelty was Marcello's Sonata in D minor for 'cello, admirably played by Herr Franz Neruda. Schubert's Fantasia in C for pianoforte and violin was exquisitely rendered by Mr. (now Sir Charles) Hallé and Mme. Neruda. Brahms' trio in C minor was also much and deservedly applauded; but the Schubert was the gem of the concert. Hallé's playing of Beethoven has always a peculiar charm. He makes the piano speak and sing, and does not force other effects from it, for which neither the instrument nor Beethoven's sonatas were intended.

SENOR SARASATE has given a most successful and brilliant series of concerts. His own individuality appears most strongly in his playing, wherein he differs from Joachim, who loses himself in his composer. One ought not to compare these great artists, but be thankful for both. Sarasate is irresistible; his impetuosity, the flash of his eyes, and of his bow and fingers combined, is something quite unique. The music which suits him best is dramatic or strongly national, and his own compositions are delightful, as played by him.

A VERY promising programme filled St. James's Hall on the 7th ult., at Mr. Cusins' annual concert. Madame Nordica's charming presence and equally charming voice, pure, brilliant, and free from vibrato; Senor Sarasate, Signor Piatti, and Mr. Santley; and Mrs. Kendal in a recitation. No wonder the hall was full! It was a lengthy musical banquet, but a large portion of the assembly sat it out, unwilling—though the sunbeams were oppressively hot—to lose any of the good things provided. Mrs. Kendal was not so easily audible as in the theatre, but that was not her fault. Madame Nordica, being recalled three times after singing Hérold's air, "Jours de mon enfance," with a long obbligato by Senor Sarasate, returned, and consulted in her easy self-possessed way with her colleagues, the result of which was Gounod's "Ave Maria" in Bach's prelude, the first notes of which elicited a welcoming cheer. Sarasate and Mr. Cusins opened the concert with the Kreutzer, and the second variation of the andante was vociferously redemanded and good-naturedly given by the brilliant virtuoso. He took the finale, not *presto* but *prestissimo*, at such a pace as in our opinion rather suffocated the delightful phrases, in the headlong rush of notes. Mr. Santley was cordially received as usual, and sang "Du bist wie eine Blume" and "Ich grolle nicht," repeating the latter when encoored, with the good sense and good taste so characteristic of the man. He afterwards sang Schubert's "Erl König." Piatti was delightful as ever. He played one of the Lieder in Mendelssohn's last book, arranged for 'cello, and a most clever and spirited "Bergamesca" of his own, with an impetuosity and fire equal to Senor Sarasate. He also played with Mr. Cusins a very beautiful Barcarolle, and difficult finale from Rubinstein's Sonata in D. The rippling undercurrent of the 'cello in the first movement was remarkably fine. Madame Nordica kept most of us in our places to hear her two songs, all but the last item in the programme, "Toujours à toi," by Tschaiakowsky, a song full of sentiment and emotion; and "Ich liebe Dich," by Forster, full of love and also of vivacity. Mr. Cusins' solos at the close were much marred by the departures, which were almost universal.

TWO more fine performances have been given, at the time of our writing, by the Philharmonic. At the first (the fifth of the present season) a new orchestral work, composed expressly for the Society by Mr. Silas, was conducted by him. The work consists of three "mythological pieces"—Aphrodite, Vulcan, and Pan. The first is graceful and melodious, the second vigorous, the third full of rough jollity. It was well received. Madame Sophie Menter was the pianiste. She gave a splendid performance of Liszt's enormously difficult concerto in A. Madame Fursch-Madi gave songs from Beethoven and Gounod. The other works were Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll," Beethoven's symphony in C minor, and Weber's overture to "Oberon." The sixth concert was conducted by the famous Norwegian composer, Herr Johann Svendsen; and his symphony in D, Op. 4, was given. The work was written in a week, a remarkable fact; for the orchestration is rich, and there are no signs of haste or crudity about it. Another interesting feature in this concert was the playing of Mr. Alfred Hollins, the blind pianist, who has just returned from America, where his singular ability has been thoroughly appreciated. He played Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto, and no one ignorant of the fact could have supposed him sightless. He is the most striking illustration

we have met with of the theory that it is better to be blind than deaf. Madame Sophie Menter's recitals have proved once more her absolute mastery over technique. She is a pupil of Tausig, and a worshipper of Liszt. Her programmes are varied and comprehensive, but she is at her best rather with Liszt than Beethoven.

A CERTAIN well-known preacher more than once remarked with an emphasis which caused us to doubt his accuracy, that he would rather preach to thirty appreciative hearers than to an ordinary crowd. Dr. Von Bülow would probably say the same thing, setting aside pecuniary considerations. Better thirty true lovers of Beethoven than a crowded audience of ordinary hearers. His recitals will form a Beethoven cyclus. The first included six sonatas, and although they were among the best known and understood, still they did not draw a full house, nor keep those who did come, in their places to the close of the recital. The doctor's playing, however, was exceptionally fine, but it is for the "fit and few" here in London in the height of the season, when folks are but too apt to be frivolous.

MR. AND MRS. HENSCHEL gave a very enjoyable vocal recital on the 1st ult. We know of no other two artistes who could accomplish the same species of entertainment so successfully. Mr. Henschel's exceptional talents as composer, player, and singer are all exemplified, and Mrs. Henschel's renderings of very varied music are always welcome. Songs and duets were given from Schubert, Bach, Handel, Bizet, Widor, Auber, Loewe, Boieldieu, Méhul, and Mr. Henschel himself. The audience, as usual, was numerous.

THE three instrumental recitals given during the third week in June at St. James's Hall afforded opportunities of comparison between three distinguished pianists—Dr. Von Bülow, Madame Sophie Menter, and Charles Hallé. It would be nearly as impossible as invidious to say which is the greatest; though it would be rather amusing to obtain the votes of all the very mixed persons forming the assemblage—several of them being present at all three occasions. Dr. Von Bülow displays his broad and original and rather capricious conception of Beethoven's sonatas: he rushes on, or lingers, according to his own well-recognised will. The large number of auditors who carried Beethoven's music in their hands or memories looked at one another now and then in an astonishment which (in the fifteen variations especially) was sometimes painful.

Madame Sophie Menter commenced her brilliant recital with Beethoven's sonata, "Les Adieux, l'Absence, et le Retour." Her reading of this well-known sonata is, of course, a matter of opinion; but of her execution there cannot be the slightest doubt. It is full of power, delicacy, excellent phrasing, and perfect accuracy; her touch is deliciously crisp, or exquisitely, carelessly tender. In this work, and in Schumann's "Carnival" which followed it, all must have thought of the venerable Madame Schumann, who gave us both in her latest visit, three months or so ago. A Pastorale and Capriccio by Scarlatti, arranged by Tausig, were delightfully played; and then Liszt's extraordinary discourse to and with the Birds (*Vogelpredigt*). The afternoon was gloomy, and thunder showers had driven the London sparrows to shelter, or one would have expected them to come flying in at the windows, attracted by the marvellous bird voices inside.

After a pause, Madame Menter gave us a second part, consisting of Mendelssohn's lovely

"Auf flügeln des Gesanges," brilliantly varied; Schumann's "Frühlingsnacht," and Schubert's "Gretchen am Spinnrade," "Auf dem Wasser zu Singen," and the "Erl König." This group of varied beauty elicited the most enthusiastic applause—the player being thrice recalled at the end of the grand song which she had so magnificently produced from the pianoforte.

The third part consisted of a barcarolle and valse by Chopin, and a most singular piece by Tausig, fuller of difficulty than of beauty. Finally, Wagner's overture to "Tannhäuser," concerning which pianoforte arrangement it must be said, that although the artiste's execution is marvelous, the instrument is obviously unsuited to so Titanic and dramatic a composition.

The third recital was Sir Charles Hallé's, given on the cold and melancholy day of the Emperor Frederick's death. Madame Neruda looked sad, and by that time the tidings had reached those who were watching for them. Her playing with Hallé of Ph. G. Bach's sonata in C minor was as expressive as we ever remember to have heard from her eloquent touch; and Brahms' sonata in F was most beautifully rendered by Hallé and Franz Neruda. All four allegros were interesting, but the affettuoso and passionato especially delighted the hearers. Another of Beethoven's sonatas (Op. 106) was given by Hallé, and a trio by Lalo was performed for the first time. Hallé's playing is too well known to require description, but it is certainly in striking contrast to the other two pianists—being steady, controlled, and without startling effects. Von Bülow sat near us, and was specially interested in Madame Neruda's playing. At the other two concerts we particularly noticed the presence of Madame Frickenhaus, Mr. Alfred Hollins, with Dr. Campbell and several members of the Norwood College for the Blind; and Mr. Victor Bauer, with his interesting young people, Ethel and Harold Bauer, special reference to whom will be given in an early number of the Magazine.

ERE we close we must speak of Madame Nilsson's farewell concerts, only one of which had taken place when we went to press. Although her great successes have been on the operatic stage, her farewell is as a concert-singer, in which capacity she commenced her career. At the first of her two farewell concerts at the Albert Hall (on the 1st ult.) Madame Nilsson sang Elsa's dream music from "Lohengrin," and Marguerite's Jewel Song from "Faust." She also joined Madame Trebelli once more in the beautiful duet, "La luna immobile." Besides these, she sang "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and, as encores, Schubert's Serenade and "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls." It is needless to say that the great artiste received a most cordial reception. The orchestral music was Mendelssohn's overture to "Ruy Blas" and Wagner's prelude to "Die Meistersinger," played by Mr. Cusins' orchestra. Madame Trebelli, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Barrington Foote, and Mr. Henschel were the other singers, and Miss Kuhe gave a pianoforte solo.

THE Westminster Orchestral Society gave a concert on the 6th ult., when Mr. C. S. Macpherson conducted a concert selection from "Don Giovanni," and a new pianist, Signor Palmieri, played as a pianoforte solo, "Reminiscences of Otello," a fantasia on some of the melodies from the opera. It appears that Signor Palmieri has Verdi's sanction for this method of treating his music.

MR. APTOMMAS has given and is still continuing to give harp recitals on Wednesday afternoons at Steinway Hall.

Souvenirs of an Impresario.

BY MAURICE STRAKOSCH.

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CHAPTER IX.

ITALIAN OPERA IN AMERICA.

THE history of Italian Opera in America is interesting even from the European standpoint, since the Americans began the practice of extravagant salaries which has ruined directors and operatic enterprise on both sides of the Atlantic.

A millionaire named Marty, of Havanah, built a theatre in that city, and inaugurated operatic representations there. He owed his wealth to a privilege which he had obtained, namely, the sole right to sell fish in the island of Cuba. The agents sent to Italy by Marty formed for him a company of high-class artistes, who contented themselves with salaries which would not satisfy second or third rate artistes now-a-days. Madame Bosio, Madame Tedesco, and Madame Steffanoni received 4000 francs per month; Marini and Badiali, basso and baritone, the same; and Salvi, the tenor, 3000 francs. The season at Havanah closed before the artistes' engagements had expired; Marty, therefore, took them to New York, and their first performances in Castle Garden were very successful.

Castle Garden was an immense hall, seating 10,000 persons, who were admitted at fifty cents each; and in spite of the low price, Marty did good business. The place, however, was not well adapted for operatic performances, being better suited to concerts. It was therefore decided to build a theatre, to be called the Astor Place Opera House, the management of which was confided for two years to M. Salvatore Patti, the father of Adelina. Up to this date (1846), operatic music had never been properly organized in America.

M. Garcia, the father of Madame Malibran, had given a few excellent representations, but the result was a financial failure in spite of Malibran's great abilities. It was with difficulty that she could meet the expenses of her voyage back to Europe; and she landed at Liverpool in midwinter in actual want of warm clothing suitable to the time of year. Although a great sensation had been created by M. Salvatore Patti's company, among whom were his daughter Amelia and his step-daughter Clotilda, he did not succeed financially; and, as I have before said, I found him stranded by a series of successive disasters.

Mr. Fry, a perfect gentleman, took the place of Salvatore Patti, but he too, being inexperienced in administrative art, was compelled to close the theatre after one year's trial. After Mr. Fry, my cousin Max Maretzek, who had been leader of the orchestra under his management, undertook the perilous enterprise of directing Italian Opera in New York. He was an excellent musician, and an active, intelligent manager. He organized a well-balanced company, with Madame Rosina Laborde (now one of the best teachers of singing in Paris) and Mdle. Bertucca. For several seasons Maretzek brought out all the new operas which appeared in Europe, with an excellence till then unknown in America; fortune smiled and frowned capriciously on his efforts, but unfortunately the final result was the same for him as for his predecessors. After this succession of failures, one might naturally suppose that

Italian Opera in New York would be abandoned as an enterprise foredoomed to loss. It was not so, however; on the contrary, some distinguished amateurs built another theatre, which they called the Academy of Music; and on my return from a brilliant tour in the States, the management was offered to me. I accepted, in association with Mr. Ullmann. Under our direction, Mesdames Frezzolini and De la Grange, Miranti, the tenor, and Formes, basso, sang; and Adelina Patti made her *début* in 1859. Ullmann, though a fine *connoisseur*, by no means shared my confidence in Adelina's rising genius. He held her talent in slight esteem, disdainfully objecting to give the rôle of Lucia to "that little thing!" Our management, which lasted for two years, served to break the spell of failure; and Italian Opera entered a phase of happier augury, still further augmented by the arrival of my brother Max Strakosch, who took my place during my absence in Europe. My object was to recruit for artistes who would maintain the rank taken by the Academy of Music in New York. There I engaged Christine Nilsson, who has shared with Adelina Patti the throne of the lyric realm.

CHAPTER X.

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Abbey wished to have the honour of opening this magnificent hall, and his overtures were accepted.

Mr. Abbey is so prominent a personality among the impresarios of the period, that he demands special notice. He has been denominated, in America, the Napoleon of dramatic managers, and is worthy of the name. He controlled two theatres in New York,—the Grand Opera House (where, however, opera is never performed), and the Park Theatre, which was burnt down on the night appointed for Mrs. Langtry's *début*. With Madame Sarah Bernhardt, Mr. Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, Mrs. Langtry, and Miss Mary Anderson at the Lyceum in London, Mr. Abbey has amassed fabulous sums. His tour in America with Sarah Bernhardt alone brought him more than £50,000.

Mr. Abbey is the most generous of impresarios, his good nature even verging on extravagance. He never drives bargains, and the favourite phrase with which he answers the demands of accepted artistes is, "Quite right, the agreements shall be drawn up." Mr. Abbey was the first who ventured to give Madame Patti a salary of £800 per night, and he would fain have secured her for the Metropolitan Opera House, but Colonel Mapleson made a still higher bid for her services, offering her £1000 per night. Mr. Mapleson was opening his season at the Academy of Music at the same time as Mr. Abbey at the Metropolitan; it was therefore necessary for the latter to strengthen his forces for the artistic contest. The Colonel was beaten, and had to retreat in good order to California, where he was more successful. On being chosen director of the Metropolitan Opera House, Mr. Abbey went at once to Italy, where he spent £20,000 in the purchase of costumes, armour, and accessories;—nothing seemed too costly for him; as usual, he paid without bargaining, concluding his purchases with his favourite expression, "All right."

Mr. Abbey's season was not merely the ordinary working of a theatre—it was a positive display of luxury difficult to describe, and which the Americans themselves hardly expect to see repeated. The operas represented were sumptuously mounted; and as to the cast, we need only mention the names of Mesdames Nilsson, Sembrich, Scalchi, Trebelli, Valleria, Fursch-Madier; and Messrs. Campanini, Stagno, Capoul, Del Puento, and Kaschmann. With regard to the last-named artiste, Mr. Mapleson had a joke—"Cashmann," said he, exchanging the *A* for a *c*—(that is to say, an accountant)—"that's the man of whom Abbey stands in most need." The fact is that, besides Mr. Maurice Grau, his devoted lieutenant and popular co-manager, Mr. Abbey really needed a clever cashier, for his daily expenses amounted to £1600; and no wonder, when one considers the salaries,—Madame Christine Nilsson received £400 per night, Madame Sembrich £300, M. Campanini £200, M. Stagno £160. Madame Scalchi was engaged for £1000 per month; and all the other artistes in the same proportion. M. Vianesi was the leader of the orchestra, consisting of a hundred musicians, whom he conducted with consummate skill; added to these were the ballet and the chorus, the expenses of which were in keeping with the rest of the arrangements.

Although Mr. Abbey knew that he would not after all make the enterprise pay, he was not prepared for the amount of the deficit which the close of the season revealed. When his accounts were balanced, a loss appeared of no less than £60,000. The subscribers, sympathizing with Mr. Abbey, and desiring to make good his losses as far as possible, offered him a benefit perform-

ance, which realized £10,000; at the close of the representation he was also presented with a gold plate, engraved with the date, and expressing the gratitude of the subscribers to the unfortunate manager. To Mr. Abbey, however, a few thousands more or less are not of great importance. Besides his theatres in New York, he has one in Boston, another in Chicago; and while the Metropolitan Opera House was emptying his cash-box, it was getting replenished at the Star Theatre, where Mr. Irving and Miss Terry were attracting the public. Nevertheless, he refused to undertake a second season which the Metropolitan Company offered him. The management was then offered to me, but I did not feel inclined to undertake an enterprise with such unfortunate antecedents. In the absence of a suitable director for Italian Opera, the company organized a series of German Opera on their own responsibility, but under the management of Dr. Damrosch, an excellent musician. The first season resulted in a loss of £20,000, and the second was still more unfortunate, the deficit being £36,000. The millionaires who formed the society, however, were hardly sensible of these losses, which, divided between them, represented an insignificant sum as compared with their incomes.

German Opera, under the management of Mr. Stanton, has taken the place of Italian at the Metropolitan Opera House; and the young director, being happily free from financial anxieties, displays exceptional ability. As all responsibility rests upon the wealthy company of shareholders, he is able to pay immense sums to the very best artistes from Germany, and the operas of Wagner, Goldmark, Meyerbeer, Gounod, and Verdi are executed with marvellous *ensemble*. The *mise en scène*, decorations, and orchestra are all up to the level attained by Mr. Abbey. What will be the final result from a financial point of view? It is easy to foresee. Yet one cannot but admire such a liberal initiative on the part of the shareholders of the Metropolitan, and feel grateful for their sacrifices in the interests of art.

As I have said before, the name of Maurice Grau must be associated with that of Mr. Abbey. Though an Austrian by birth, he is French in character, and Parisian in feeling. He is still young, and already celebrated as an impresario, being successor and pupil to his uncle J. Grau, who first brought out Madame Ristori in America. Maurice Grau has continued to popularize the music of French composers such as Offenbach, Lecocq, and others. He also brought to the United States Judic, Theo, Paola, Marié, and Aimée. He is said to be the most amiable of managers, never quarrelling with his artistes, who are always ready to engage with him. Besides operettas, Mr. Grau has brought out English opera in America with Madame Kellogg, and has organized tours with Rubinstein, Salvini, Ristori, and lastly with Madame Sarah Bernhardt. These gigantic enterprises require very exceptional qualities; generally an enormous command of capital, and always an amount of activity and intelligence which is almost superhuman. There is not a city or town in America which Mr. Grau has not visited, and in them all he is popular and even beloved.

CHAPTER XI.

CHRISTINE NILSSON.

I WAS chatting one day in Paris with Eugenio Merelli, son of the director of La Scala, Milan,

and the Imperial Theatre, Vienna. We had met in the music warehouse of the Frères Escudier in the Rue Richelieu. Merelli was seeking artistes for the opera at Vienna, whom he usually engaged for a certain number of years. In the course of conversation, I happened to notice a young girl who paused before the shop window. She was tall and slender, and very simply dressed; her face was beautiful, and there was a rare and unique charm about her which, once perceived, could not be forgotten. This charming face was surrounded by masses of fair hair; the brow was rather broad than high; the nose regular, and between smiling lips shone pearly teeth; but above all I was struck with the large, beautiful blue eyes, full of expression and intelligence.

I called Merelli's attention to this young girl as she was leaving the window; for I could not take my eyes off her. "Have you seen that wonderful beauty?" said I.

"Do you not know who it is?" he replied. "It is Nilsson, whom I have engaged for five years, and I have no employment for her at present. I want to cancel my engagement with her; for though she has a superb voice, I cannot venture to let her sing in opera, as she has never yet been upon the stage."

Some time afterwards I again met Merelli, who told me as a piece of good news that he had at last cancelled his engagement with Christine Nilsson, adding, "I am delighted, for not being a millionaire, I cannot afford to pay her 1000 francs per month."

A very few years afterwards, this same Merelli was obliged to engage Nilsson for the season at St. Petersburg, when her terms were 7000 francs per night! Merelli had no more idea of Christine Nilsson's latent genius than had Ullmann with regard to Patti. M. Carvalho was more clear-sighted—he engaged her for three years, and she made her *début* on the lyric stage in "Traviata."

I had never forgotten Christine Nilsson, and when I learned that she was to sing at the Théâtre Lyrique, I could not resist the desire to take Adelina Patti to hear the *débutante*. The first night was an immense success. Patti joined heartily in the general applause; she threw her bouquet to Nilsson, and went herself to congratulate her after the opera was over. At this interview Nilsson said laughingly to me, "If ever you leave Patti (who was then about to be married to the Marquis de Caux), you must become my impresario." Not long after, this actually came to pass. It is not necessary to recapitulate Nilsson's triumphs; they are fresh in the memories of all who heard her in London or Paris. Her creation of Ophelia in Ambroise Thomas's "Hamlet" is her most beautiful rôle; in it she attained the perfection of dramatic singing. She was the personification of Shakespeare's Ophelia, and only those who have seen her in it, and heard the wonderful *timbre* of her voice, can imagine the wild enthusiasm she inspired. In this memorable representation the illustrious baritone Faure took the part of Hamlet, and both as singer and actor attained absolute perfection. M. Perrin, the well-known operatic director, had superintended all the details of the difficult *mise en scène*; it was indeed an artistic treat, such as will never be forgotten by those who had the good fortune to be present.

Before speaking of my American and European tours, I will give some details of the life and character of one who has taken such high rank in the world of art.

CHAPTER XII.

PREDICTIONS OF DESBAROLLES CONCERNING CHRISTINE NILSSON.

DESBAROLLES, after examining Nilsson's hand, told her that her chief troubles and losses would be caused by madness and by fire, and this startling prediction has certainly proved true. At New York she was followed for more than a week by a lunatic, who was possessed with the idea that the words of love she addressed as Marguerite to Faust were really intended for him, and that she had eyes for no one else. Every time he saw her in her carriage in the street he ran after her, kissing his hand to *his Marguerite*, as he called her. One evening, when Nilsson held a reception, and her rooms were crowded, the door was suddenly burst open, and this madman appeared; he rushed to her, exclaiming, "Marguerite, embrace me!" His aspect was so formidable that no one cared to meddle with him, and she had to disengage herself from his grasp, and hand him over to the police. Nilsson did not desire to have the man's passion or lunacy punished; she merely asked that her too ardent worshipper should be kept under restraint till she had left New York. At the police court he broke from the officers who had him in charge, and made a desperate attempt to approach his idol, frantically kissing the hem of her robe.

At Chicago, another fool annoyed her with letters containing the most ardent proposals of marriage; to which, of course, she returned no answer. Undaunted by her silence, he drove up to her door one day in a superb sledge, drawn by four horses, and demanding his *fiancée*, declared he was there to conduct her to church. Jarrett, who happened to be with the *diva* at that moment, employed an adroit stratagem to get rid of the intruder. "You are late," said Jarrett to him, "Mdlle. Nilsson is waiting for you at the church."

The third lunatic, who literally proved the truth of Desbarolles' prediction, was M. Auguste Rouzeaud, the husband of Mme. Nilsson. He died in a lunatic asylum, as every one knows. His madness was no doubt hereditary (although different reasons have been assigned for it), two other members of his family having been attacked by the same malady.

Mme. Nilsson suffered two serious losses from fire. The first amounted to £4000. She had purchased land in Chicago, which ought to have doubled in value on account of the rapid growth of the city. Part of Chicago was destroyed by a fire; it was rebuilt, but in an opposite direction from the land owned by Mme. Nilsson.

With all her genius, this great artiste does not possess the qualities necessary for business speculations; she had bought the land in Chicago without having seen it, just as she purchased the château de Jonsac without setting foot in it. This château, for which she had paid £14,000, was sold by auction, when Rouzeaud's affairs were settled, for £4000. Having had good cause to distrust landed property, Mme. Nilsson, still without seeing it (which seemed to be her mania), invested £100,000 in house property at Boston. In America cities are burnt without apparent reason; they blaze like touchwood, in a manner impossible to European buildings. In Boston the fire devoured Mme. Nilsson's houses. She, however, was not alarmed, for the property was insured; but American insurance companies at this time were full of delays, and not always more substantial than the houses. Mme. Nilsson's prudential arrangements were useless, as the insurance companies were compelled to close their offices after the fire at Boston.

CHAPTER XIII.

CHRISTINE NILSSON IN SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

ON the 3rd September, the day of the Battle of Sedan, Christine Nilsson sailed from Liverpool for America, where she was to sing in concerts arranged by me in the United States and Canada. Besides 500 dollars a night, I had also agreed to give her half each night's receipts which should exceed 4000 dollars. Her travelling expenses, including a carriage and hotel bills for three, were also at my cost. The result of this tour exceeded my brightest hopes. Mme. Nilsson received ovations wherever she appeared, and my brother and I begged her to remain with us another season, on the same terms, for operatic representations. She accepted our offer, and sang four times a week in such operas as "Faust," "Les Huguenots," "Lohengrin," etc. The second season was quite as profitable as the first, and we would willingly have engaged her for a third, but she had promised M. Rouzeaud to return to Europe, and nothing could induce her to break her promise. In two seasons of seven months each Mme. Nilsson received 200,000 dollars (£40,000), besides 70,000 dollars as her share of the receipts over and above 4000 per night. I have always regretted that I did not at that period retire from business, although I doubt if I should ever have been content to lead a life of inactivity. The receipts from these two American seasons averaged 6000 dollars a night, and represented a total of more than 1,200,000 dollars. Of course the general expenses must also be taken into account, which, with a travelling company of more than a hundred persons, is something very considerable.

American theatres, by their size and construction, allow of those profits which sometimes appear incredible. There was only a limited number of boxes or stalls—the rest of the hall was divided into seats at 5 dollars each. Paradoxical as it may appear, it is nevertheless true that the box and ticket offices were never opened in the evening during these two seasons of Madame Nilsson in the United States.

In 1874, I made a third tour with Nilsson, Campanini, Capoul, Maurel, and other well-known artistes; the public reception was as cordial as before, and our success, both artistic and financial, left nothing to be desired. I might fill a volume with interesting anecdotes of Christine Nilsson, but I will choose a few which specially portray the character of the woman; of the artiste there is nothing to tell which is not already known. On board the ship which brought her for the first time to America, a clergyman was soliciting contributions for some good cause, and Nilsson, though not at that time a rich woman, gave a cheque for £25. Some one told her she had given too much, and she answered, "Well, if I should be drowned, the poor would not be losers." A benefit performance was given in London for the sufferers by an inundation at Toulouse; Madame Nilsson gave her services, as well as paying for a box; and when the promoters of the concert called on her next day to thank her for her valuable services, she asked what sum had been realized after paying expenses. On being told the profits were only £60, she took from a little travelling bag three bills of 500 francs each, and said, "Will you take this? it is French money, and if I changed it here I should get less than in France; send it to M. de Villemessant." It is not every one who would have been so considerate. The last tour which she undertook with me was conducted by my son, Robert Strakosch, an impresario like his father. Her reception in Sweden and

Norway was almost regal, and on her departure they fired a salute of a hundred guns. As previously in America, the tickets at the box offices had all been sold in advance; and Nilsson frequently appeared on the balcony of her hotel, and sang in the open air for the benefit of her fellow-countrymen. In Stockholm fifty thousand persons crowded the narrow street underneath her windows. There was a scaffolding in one corner round a building in course of construction. Some of the people had taken possession of this scaffolding (which was never intended for such a weight), and risked life and limb to hear Nilsson sing their national airs. Two opposite streets gave access to this corner, the two streams of people met in front of it, and, obstructed by the scaffolding, the pressure became dangerous. Suddenly a fearful crash was heard, as the scaffolding gave way, and fell, causing the death of twenty persons, and injuries more or less severe to a hundred others. Next day Madame Nilsson, who had not witnessed the catastrophe, visited the hospitals, and gave all the help and comfort she could to the sufferers.

The following anecdote may be selected from many others to show that her independence was equal to her courage. At Vienna in 1877 she had sung in "Faust" before the Empress Elizabeth, who paid her the compliment of an invitation next day to the Palace. After an hour's conversation, in which Madame Nilsson had, at the Empress's request, described her own childhood, she rose to take leave, contrary to court etiquette, before the Royal intimation that the interview was at an end. The Empress persuaded her to sit down again, saying, "Do not be in haste," and the visit was prolonged to another half-hour. Then the Empress rose, so that the etiquette was properly observed, and placing a costly bracelet upon Madame Nilsson's arm, she said, "My sister, the Queen of Naples, said truly that you were very charming and original." Following other strange coincidences in the lives of Patti and Nilsson, the latter now announces her approaching marriage with the Comte de Miranda, who has occupied important offices in Spain. While Madame Patti has renounced her title of Marquise, Madame Nilsson exchanges her name, and, it is said, her musical career, for the title of Comtesse. This, however, is as yet only conjecture. It is hard to renounce the applause of the multitude. After such a brilliant artistic life, domestic happiness will hardly compensate such queens of song as Madame Nilsson for the intoxication of glory. Nearly every sovereign in Europe has accorded to Nilsson either a decoration or some mark of honour; if she wore them all at once, her breast would be entirely covered with them. But her highest honour is to be, like Patti, one of the greatest artistes of the century.

Sweden seems destined to give us the stars of song. Besides Jenny Lind and Christine Nilsson, Mdlle. Sigrid Arnoldson, daughter of the much regretted tenor who was the Rubini of Sweden, has recently created a sensation in Moscow, and great things are predicted for her in the future. Sweden has also given us the tenor singer, Theodor Björksden, who accompanied Madame Nilsson in all her concerts with so much success.

ONE of the finest performances of "Faust" ever given at Covent Garden, was that of June 6th. It was an artistic treat to hear such pure singing as was given by Mme. de Reszké, while Madame Nordica, Madame Scalchi, and Signor Del Puente, were worthy of their companions; even the most critical listener could not find a fault in the representation.

Mrs. Alice Shaw,
THE SOLO LADY WHISTLER OF AMERICA.



MRS. SHAW, with whose portrait we present our readers, is undoubtedly a new sensation! She has had the happy thought and the ready wit to utilize a combination of qualities which singly would have hardly commanded public attention. She is handsome, so are other women,—musical, so are others,—she can whistle, that is not an unknown accomplishment; but her originality consists in blending all these gifts together in such a fascinating manner, that she has only to appear and be heard, in order to win all hearts and ears. "I have not been long at it either," she said; "I have whistled a good deal, of course, but only in public since December 1887, when I appeared at the Steinway Hall, New York, at an entertainment given by the 'Teachers' Association'; and then, finding myself a great success, I resolved to devote myself to the public cultivation of the whistling art, just as any vocalist might do to singing. I soon found that my name on any concert-bill was a powerful attraction; and I have since whistled to six and seven thousand people at once with great effect, filling some of the largest halls in America."

When Mrs. Shaw came to London this spring (1888), she was interviewed by a *Pall Mall Gazette* reporter; and she also appeared at several distinguished houses, at one of which—Lady Grantley's, we believe—Du Maurier either saw or heard of her, and a picture in *Punch* came out the next week, which not only caused her to be deluged with letters, but did much to establish her fame and introduce her to the

fashionable world. She soon afterwards appeared at one of the Rev. H. R. and Mrs. Haweis' musical receptions, Queen's House, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, acquiring thus a fresh diploma of excellence in the shape of an *imprimatur* of approval from the author of *Music and Morals*.

On this occasion, amongst the distinguished guests present, to many of whom she was introduced by Mrs. Haweis, were the Earl of Dysart, the Right Hon. Lord Grantley, the Earl and Countess of Mar, the Lady Dorothy Nevill, the Lord Bishop of Gloucester, Mrs. Ellicott, Lady Tenterden, Sir Edwin and Lady Saunders, Lady Galsworthy, Canon Milman, etc. etc., all of whom expressed their high appreciation of her charming talent. Mrs. Shaw's whistle ranges over two octaves and a half. The quality of tone is full, round, and sweet; and she passes from a piercing *forte* to the tenderest *pianissimo* with the liquid facility of a song-bird. The ear is at once arrested and fascinated, and the lady's graceful and dignified demeanour at once stamps her unique performance with a character of musical importance which those who have not heard her might suppose it impossible to claim for—only a whistle! Mrs. Shaw is everywhere accompanied personally—as well as musically on the piano—by her friend Mrs. Malcolm, who understands admirably all her points, and how to set them off to the greatest advantage. It is currently reported that the well-known gentleman Whistler was invited to take an impressionist portrait of the lady whistler in whistleresque colours.

Music:

SOME FAULTS IN OUR EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM.

BY G. W. L. MARSHALL-HALL.

PAPER II.

THINK it is now quite clear that the sounds which we indiscriminately call "music" can express ideas of an altogether opposite nature, that, in fact, they constitute a language differing only from speech in that while the latter is chiefly used to convey to others our definite thoughts, the former is used to express our indefinite and otherwise indefinable feelings: we may also say that where speech ends music begins. Why, then, is it, that although a noble sentiment in speech is at once recognisable to us, in music we differ in opinion from one another so much? It is because the *sound* of the language is so charming that we are apt to forget to look for the *sense*; we have, as it were, journeyed to some distant land, and find there a language which, although unintelligible, sounds soft and pleasing to our ears, and therefore we applaud every word spoken whether its meaning be fair or foul: but by and by we begin to understand a few words, and, guided by such imperfect knowledge, construe the sentences each in his own way, each having his favourite orator whom he fondly, and foolishly believes to excel the rest; and we listen to the poor wit of a cheap Jack with attention more rapt and respectful than that which we pay to the utterances of a sage philosopher.

Speech is the first thing we hear when we are brought into the world; by its means we are not only from our earliest infancy taught the meaning of goodness and nobleness, but experience soon informs us of the relations due between man and man, and we are thus practically able to test the precepts we have received. With music it is different. We are not trained from our infancy to express our feelings by its means; nor till we are of riper years do they surpass the bounds of speech. The very means of articulation are not easy to master. Few of us are brought up with the idea that music is anything but pleasurable sound. Only a few, the more thoughtful of us, when young, have a sort of hazy notion that music is somehow different to what most people think: without our knowing why, certain strains seem to soothe us when in trouble, others add to our joy when in high spirits. This natural gift of apprehension is, however, not very common.

Thus, then, music remains to most of us a practically unintelligible language; often not unpleasant to listen to, but still unintelligible; and we can see how it is that the man who has been brought up to consider it as the natural expression of his deepest emotions, looks with loathing on the more or less rhythmical noises which tickle the ear of him who regards it as mere sensual pleasure; and it is surely on account of the almost utter neglect of inculcating the proper work and worth of music, that our greatest thinkers turn their attention to any subject other than this. When this state of affairs alters, we shall have our Shakespeare in music as in literature.

Life is earnest to most men, whether they will or no, and not the mere whiling away of time from the cradle to the grave. I contend there is more happiness to be got from looking facts, sad or gay, straight in the eyes, and finding a smile lurking behind their seeming gravity, than by sneaking round corners to avoid them.

—we never can do so in the long-run. The happiest man is he who extracts his pleasure from the very seriousness of life by throwing himself into sympathy with the joy and sorrow of others. Music leads us to this throne of happiness by awakening such sympathy in our breasts; for it is able to reproduce so minutely the fluctuations of joy, sorrow, and longing which agitate us, that we are, as it were, transformed from ourselves into the being who speaks to us, and think of the nobility of his nature and the strength of his passions;—truly a magic draught capable of working wonders. Yet, were any one to ask my advice as to where proper instruction in the language of music is to be obtained, I could give no answer, for, alas! in our schools and colleges it is not spoken of. Fingers are taught to move nimbly, voices to sound smoothly, brains to work mathematically: the technique is perfected,—and that is all! They teach the tongue to pronounce strange words, the fingers to trace strange letters, but the meaning of them remains unpounded. We are all—but for what we instinctively discover of their meaning—parrots.

It has always seemed to me most strange, that practical as we lay claim to be, we should have gone on raising colleges, spending money and hours upon hours of time, urged by an extraordinary madness to vie with one another in making our fingers press down ivory keys or strings of catgut at an express speed, and, as a rule, with no actual gain to anybody.

Not very long ago I remember reading on the notice board in one of our London music colleges, that a lecture would be given by a certain professor on "Musical Ornaments." I was for some time puzzled as to whether he was to learnedly descant on the carving of pianoforte legs—or perhaps on the intrinsic merits of one of those ingenious mechanisms which hand to one a cigar, whilst exuding something bearing a remote resemblance to an antiquated operatic air: but I ultimately discovered that the important subject on which the intellect of the whole college was to be concentrated was the manner and history of twiddles. It struck me as a trait very characteristic of our English mode of tuition, which degrades the priesthood of a musician to the jugglery of a mountebank; gaining a livelihood in proportion to the dexterity of his feats.

It is our duty, while cultivating the means of expression, not to neglect to inculcate a true understanding of what is to be expressed, and to urge on each student that while attaining the technical efficiency which shall enable him to preach the gospel of music, he must educate his mind to a state capable of appreciating the nobleness and grandeur of the message. This has been and is almost entirely neglected in our schools; they are not temples but circuses. No great man has yet emanated from an English music college; even what we have at present of talent comes from abroad. The most hopeful of our rising English musicians, Mr. D'Albert, has openly and scornfully reproached our schools with their narrow, base views of art. We cannot make bricks without straw, but we can plant the seed from which the straw shall, after due rain and sunshine, spring. There seems to be lacking in our present institutions that reverential enthusiasm for what is beautiful, which usually goes by the name of poetry: in its stead we but too often find vanity, a desire of seeming important in the eyes of others; and this not only among the students. The open-heartedness that holds out a warm hand of welcome to every honest fellow-worker is wanting. It is pitiful to observe the infinite pains these many thousand

human beings are at, toiling night and day, not to gain knowledge, nobleness, a power for good, but—a dexterity of the fingers!—Incredible!

I contend that it is the duty of all parents to instil the *spirit* of music into their children from their earliest infancy, for it will have an ennobling influence on their whole lives, and lead them to think of what they might else possibly never have thought on.

It is now more than ever time that we cultivate unselfish and true methods of gaining happiness, when we are surrounded by a vast multitude of poverty-stricken brother mortals, beseeching with sorrowful eyes that they too may have some joy, some comfort in life. Shall we ever say to them, "Work, work, work, that you may obtain enough to eat; when you have eaten, sleep, till it be time to work again!"? Life is so hard, and the relations of man to man are so hard, let us lose no jot of a softening influence.

I think it is now pretty plain why our judgments on music are not always infallible, and it remains to point out the path, following which we may gain the vantage point, wherefrom we can survey the wonder-land which such an elevation will open out to us.

Beethoven's Pianoforte Sonatas.

(Continued.)

THE lessons in counterpoint, which Beethoven took with Haydn and Albrechtsberger when he first went to Vienna, were of inestimable value to the young composer. They taught him not only how to develop his ideas, but how to be economical—how to make the most of them. Without a sound knowledge of counterpoint, composers have to rely principally on colour, *i.e.* harmony, on ornamentation, and on variety, *i.e.* passing from one theme to another. Not any one or even all of these means suffice to maintain a solid interest in a work of any length—to say nothing of increase of interest. One can soon weary of effects of colour, or of passage writing, however graceful or effective; while too great variety soon leads to diffuseness. Counterpoint is the backbone of music. It is that which gives such strength, such vitality to the works of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. Some people think that the sole use of counterpoint is to help one to write fugues, and that in composition a poetic basis is of far greater service than all science. Beethoven, one of the most romantic of composers, is a proof to the contrary. He was never a fugue-writer in the strict sense of the term, and his scientific knowledge only served to stimulate his imagination. Double counterpoint in the octave, with the facilities which it offers for adding parts in 3rds or 6ths, enabled Beethoven to write the long exposition section of the Allegro of the Sonata in E flat (Op. 7), and the important coda of the same, without becoming prolix; amid great variety there is unity. Then turn to the finale of the Sonata in F (Op. 10, No. 2). Who but one skilled in the art of fugue could have written a movement so full of counterpoint and of canonic imitation, and yet so concise and so light in effect? The notes were guided by the wand of a fairy quite as much as by the ferule of a schoolmaster.

Take as a sample of the master's use of

double-counterpoint in the octave the following from the Rondo of the Sonata Pathétique:—



That phrase is repeated, with modifications, four times, and each time with some new contrapuntal device. Notice, too, the working-out in quadruple counterpoint (by the addition of 3rds to each part) of the simple little phrase



in the Rondo of the B flat Sonata (Op. 22). See also how large a part inversion in the octave plays in the development section of the first movement of Sonata in D (Op. 28). And many similar passages could be shown in the sonatas of the early and middle periods. But we must hurry on to notice how in the last sonatas (from Op. 101 onwards) Beethoven made counterpoint a special feature, or—as it would perhaps be more correct to say—how his thoughts naturally developed themselves contrapuntally. The canon in the Trio of the "alla Marcia" in Op. 101, and the fugue of Op. 106 with its retrograde movement and other devices, may have the appearance of labour; but in the finale, both of Op. 101 and 110, though the combinations are fully as ingenious, inspiration reigns supreme.

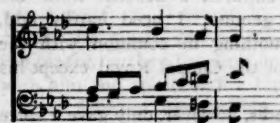
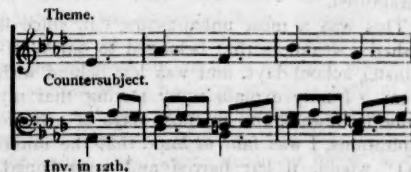
The long working-out of the phrase in Allegro of Op. 106 commencing



is about as interesting a study in quadruple counterpoint in the octave as one could hope to find, and students when poring over Cherubim's useful but dry section on this head may turn to it with profit.

The fugue in Op. 110 is specially noted for its inverted, augmented, diminished, and even doubly diminished theme; but we may also call attention to the fact that it contains a fine example of double counterpoint in the 12th.

The answer of the theme and the counter-subject are as follows:—



The inversion in 12th has been added. If the two parts on lower staff be transposed a fourth down, thus



it will be found to correspond with the passage beginning bar 19 of the fugue, excepting that the countersubject is altered in the 4th bar.

(To be continued.)

A Night's Hospitality.

WHEN I left Cambridge, I determined to travel before settling down to the serious business of life. A legacy unexpectedly left me by an old relative made a holiday of a few months a luxury that might be indulged in without imprudence. And as I am a capital walker, and not over fastidious in the matter of lodging and fare, I hoped by economy and simplicity to get the utmost value out of my little fortune. It added much to the zest of outsetting when, at the last moment, an old Trinity chum, hearing of my plans, proposed to make them his also. Clarkson is, no more than I, blessed with large means, but he has every other virtue as a fellow-traveller. He is energetic and punctual; he has a very pretty wit, and sufficient curiosity to make him desire to see all that is worth seeing without suffering stings of conscience if a church, a picture, a view happens to be left out. He has, in short, a good share of that common sense which is, however, not quite so common as we are apt to suppose it. On one point alone do Clarkson and I fail to fit: he not only refuses to surrender to the claims of the music which forms the delight of all my leisure moments; he declines in a light and laughing way to believe in the sincerity of my devotion to the noblest of arts.

"It is a fashion—a fad," he says; "a genteel craze, this enthusiasm for music. It is quite harmless, and it does as well as another, since society must always have something over which to grow enraptured; but as for the sincerity of your mild lunatics, I decline to believe in it."

This is all very well, though it scarcely illustrates the common sense I have been extolling; but supposing I were to attack Clarkson's dabbings in geology in the same airy and *debonnair* fashion, what then? To question Clarkson's faith in Old Red Sandstone would probably cause the unanswerable argument of his hammer to descend on my unlucky pate.

"As for you, Gibbons," this unbeliever would conclude the matter, "it's a case of *noblesse oblige* with you, therefore you are to be excused: a man with your traditions is bound to join the enraptured."

This was a most unhandsome cut, since it lashed a weakness that belonged to our Westminster school days, and was left behind with them. I may explain it by stating that my name is Oswald, and in those days of juvenile aspirations, I was fain to hope that the initial "O" would, if left barren and unexplained, suggest to the cultured a descent from the Cambridgeshire genius. I need hardly add, that I shared nothing in common with the young organist of the Chapel Royal except his monogram.

Our little disputes, however, only gave a spice and piquancy to our pilgrimage; undeviating harmony on every point is nearly as great a strain on the temper as a difference of taste in jokes is said to be on the affections. Give me for comrade the man who can agree to disagree, without getting into a heat. Clarkson and I squabbled all through Italy in the most amicable fashion: he rebelled at the church music and criticised the Pope's choir, after the approved manner of critics, without having heard it. He demolished that unfortunate body, and did not leave it a musical leg to stand on. My zeal, on the other hand, flagged before the ruins. I would not warm my imagination over the

palace of the Cæsars; it remained tepid before the rubbish heaps in which Clarkson professed to read whole tomes of tragic history. Thus, each taking our own portion of delight, we daily separated, only to be irresistibly drawn together again, if it were for nothing but to decry each other's tastes and fancies. Ah, those first days of the new—what a flavour they have—what a zest and charm! A very subtle gentleman in one of Disraeli's novels is made to say, that every moment of existence is, if rightly understood, a moment of travel, and doubtless the aphorism has truth on its side; but for me, I have never known nor felt—had scarcely lived—before this vision of beauty burst upon me. And yet I had found comeliness in the featureless flats round Cambridge, and had hotly contested the right of the Cam, with its handful of bridges, to rival peerless Venice!

Our money held out pretty well, for we prudently refrained from investing in bric-à-brac, and it took us in due time to Switzerland, and thence, after a banquet of the sublime which defies superlatives, to Southern Germany.

Clarkson had been somewhat briskly tedious on the glacier question and the Ice Age, and I was not sorry to get him safely deposited under the shadow of the Black Forest pines, where he was free to vary his illustrations. For myself, in that many-voiced land, where the pine-trees have a new note in their melodious sadness; where the streams sing the sweetest little lullabies after the defiance of the Swiss waterfalls; where everybody strums, sings, fiddles,—makes music, in short, as much a bit of every day's programme as braten, beer, the knitting-needles, and the pipe, and does not relegate it to the dessert of feast-days as we do, I don't deny that I was happy—as blissfully happy, perhaps, as if the Orlando of my envy had made me the heir of his gifts. One thing I shared with him, however, and that was his love. Orlando, you would not deny me that, though you wholly withhold from me your gift of expression.

We wandered from one little inn to another, finding in each a welcome, and a primitive—almost primeval simplicity, such as we could not match in our own country, any more than we could mate the spontaneous and natural gift of the Karl or the Hans, the Lena or the Belli, who waited on us at table and entertained us with melody afterwards.

Clarkson, who is somewhat susceptible for a geologist, generally managed to start a promising flirtation with the daughter of the house; and since it amounted to nothing more than an exchange of a flower and a few sentimental speeches in execrable German, I allowed myself to encourage him. It kept him quiet, so that I would listen in peace to Mendelssohn's Fourth Symphony. I had my allegro—my moment of perfect joy—while he had his dried vegetables (I am bound to admit that they generally dropped out of the pages of his Baedeker, and that he made no effort to recover them) and the sighs and timid glances of the Tisa or the Mariechen who happened to be the reigning siren; and I ask a just and reasonable public which of us had the best of it?

Our holiday was all too rapidly drawing to a close. It was winter when we left home; we had surprised the spring in the Roman gardens; and here under the pine-trees it was high summer. In another week or two at most we shall have to set our faces Londonwards: Clarkson to take up the study of medicine, and I to enter on the dry and unromantic routine of the law. Clarkson was growing a little restive, and possibly a trifle ashamed of the Werther-like complexion of his many love affairs, though, of course, he visited his impatience on the music.

He was unenlightened enough to complain of it as a noise.

"An excellent noise," said I.

"I don't admit its excellence; it interferes with my comfort quite as effectually as if it were the thunder of the Schaffhausen Falls or a herd of bellowing bulls."

I mildly suggested that he might remove himself from it; but this he declined to do. For my part, I thought he ought to have been glad of the string quartette that so gently covered his whispered imbecilities; but perhaps he was not so ashamed of these as he ought to have been. Next day, however, when I proposed to visit a certain Generbehalle, where a very fine collection of orchestrions was to be seen, he flatly refused to bear me company. It was finally arranged that he should go on to a famous Bad which we had proposed to visit on our way home, and that I should join him there on the following evening.

I was thus left unmolested to make my inspection; and every one whose untoward fate it has been to drag an unwilling companion through an exhibition, whether of pictures or of anything else, will sympathise with the relief I felt in for once escaping the cold shower-bath of Clarkson's unsympathy.

The curious, delicate, and ingenious workmanship of the instruments beguiled me to linger in the factory much longer than I had intended, and it was already twilight before I started to walk the ten miles that separated me from Clarkson, supper, and bed. This did not disturb me, however: the forest path, if lonely, was plain enough, and there was promise of a moon. The tonic fragrance of the pines was invigorating, and the hush and tranquillity of the hour made room for the thousand whispered voices of the night. There is no real silence in these forest glades, and for the listening ear there is a continued murmured melody. It is only a hard-headed geologist who can penetrate their depths and still refuse his belief in fairy folks.

Perhaps it was those tricky little people who led me astray; perhaps it was only that with the absent-mindedness of a dreamer I had missed the sign-post at the cross roads, and had taken a wrong turning: it is certain, at any rate, that midnight found me far from my destination, and quite at a loss how to reach it. I had passed the last encampment of charcoal-burners more than an hour before, and I could not tell whether I was still buried in the bosom of the wood or had reached its verge. Lights to be seen there were none: if there were any peasant huts within hail, the inhabitants were all abed. The natural practice of early to bed and early to rise did not seem to me quite so virtuous as it had hitherto done; I should have welcomed a transgressor of the rule.

To throw one's self on mother Nature for a night's hospitality was, however, no such hardship: the moss was dry under the trees, I was too young to have any weak dread of rheumatism, and ravenous beasts have long since ceased to prowl in these regions. The chief point was to select the softest couch, where the stored-up needles of past seasons lay thickest. A little fastidious I was, as a man has a right to be who has a whole forest for his bed-chamber, and an overarching sky for his canopy.

While I was idly searching, I was suddenly aware of a blaze of light that flooded the tree stems, and illumined all the silent glades. Whence had it come, and how had I missed it before? It did not vanish, as I half expected, and I followed it. To my infinite surprise, it came from a large building which I now saw for the first time. It was more like a palace than an ordinary mansion, and it had an air of

gaiety, life, and bustle that contrasted strangely with the surrounding silence. Many people were to be seen, some hurrying up the steps and entering the wide-open door, others visible through the uncurtained windows. Servants in very quaint and curious costumes stood bowing at the entrance and ushering in the guests.

I stood a little apart, where the light did not search me out, and looked on awhile at this gay spectacle. It surprised and puzzled me: the radiance that came from the house revealed no path through the forest by which the guests could drive to the door; indeed, the trees reached right up to the windows. I could but conclude that the avenue of approach lay to the back of the palace, and that the illustrious company quitted their carriages there, and came on foot to this entrance. Which of Germany's many Highnesses—Serene Highnesses—Excellencies, had indulged a whim for this odd retirement? My Baedeker was silent on the subject, and yet the mansion looked old enough to have been described in a much less recent edition than mine. It was clearly, however, a happy chance for me that I had stumbled on it, and I determined, when the bustle of arrival was over, to approach the house and ask one of the many servants to redirect me on my way.

"I cannot be very far from civilisation," I reflected; "possibly I am within a stone's throw of the Bad after all."

Clarkson's anxiety was not likely to be overpowering; he is too practical a person to be visited by nervous fears. Still he had no doubt given some wondering thoughts to my continued absence; the prospect of supper and rest, also, were not unpleasing, for though the fir needles might serve at a pinch for a bed, I had eaten nothing for many hours.

At last, when the arriving guests seemed fewer in number, I ventured to approach the steps. The moment I got into the circle of light I was apparently observed, for a servant came to meet me. He wore a curious and rather picturesque livery, evidently copied from some long-forgotten fashion, and he bowed with the profoundest respect. It was as clear as possible that he took me for an invited guest, and I hastened to disabuse him of that notion.

"I am an English traveller," I said, "and I have lost my way; can you direct me to Bad Hohenstein?"

He either did not know the place I was in search of, or, more probably, he failed to understand my stumbling German. He looked rather puzzled, but he politely motioned me to pass before him to the house.

I did so, thinking I might find there a quicker intelligence, who would not affront my broken attempts at his native tongue. A person of a somewhat higher rank, apparently, though also dressed in an outlandish mode, came forward courteously to the top of the steps, and, in German that had an odd unfamiliarity for my ear, begged me to enter.

Here was the same mistake over again; and once more I began my explanation.

"My name," I said, "is Gibbons; I am an Englishman." I took out a piece of paper and scribbled my signature and London address on it. I was proceeding to relate my night experiences when I was pulled up short by the singularity of his behaviour.

When his eyes fell upon my name, his face took on an expression which I can only characterize as one of profoundest respect, that was almost reverence. I am not accustomed to be received in this manner, and I will own that I felt a trifle embarrassed before his worship—shall I call it? He bowed almost to the ground, and he murmured that the honour of my presence had been long expected.

Clearly destiny was against me; I was to be made into a personage of importance whether I would or not. Before I could remonstrate or resist, I was swept forward into the great lighted hall. The palace appeared to be in a state of great excitement, bustle, and preparation; there was a moving to and fro, servants flitting here and there, guests ascending and descending the dark old stairs—a murmur of many voices. My attendant paused at the door of a room where a banquet was spread; he looked at me, and doubtless he read the hunger in my face, for he respectfully entreated me to enter. Even while I was satisfying the urgent demands of my appetite, I was struck with the singularity of this feast. Such of the dishes as I tasted were good, and the wine was of an excellent vintage, but the table service was simple to rudeness; the linen of the coarsest, the forks two-pronged, the knives of a make unknown to Sheffield. In strange contrast to these were the massive silver tankards and goblets, and the huge salt-cellar that adorned the centre of the board. Having revived my flagging energies with food and drink, I braced myself to make one more effort at explanation. I did not care to play the part of an impostor, and be ignominiously found out; nor did I wish to secure hospitality on false pretences; but as I was summoning my best German, there penetrated into the banquet-room a sound of music—of music the most divine and ravishing it has ever been my happy lot to hear. Those tender and impassioned strains silenced the unspoken words that were hovering on my lips; they seared my conscience. The temptation was too great to be resisted: come of it what might, I would adopt the rôle that was thrust upon me; I would advance boldly as if I were indeed the honoured and long-expected guest of an unknown host; of that music, if I were to die for it, I shall hear more.

The attendant who had supplied all my wants with a rare intelligence, now seemed to read the eager question in my face, and answered it at once.

"It is your adopted countryman," he said, "he whom you call 'The Harmonious Blacksmith.'"

I did not correct his little mistake; it was certainly not the popular air of that name (that was being performed on that unearthly organ, but I understood him to mean that it was a composition by Handel that some one was rendering with so masterly a hand; if that were so, I had certainly never heard it before.

I was now as eager to go forward as I was before reluctant, and I followed my obsequious guide through several ante-chambers and deserted rooms till we reached the door of a long and splendid saloon, which he flung wide open. My dazzled eyes saw nothing clearly at first except that it was full of brilliant company—ladies and gentlemen in what I took to be fancy dress, conversing, saluting each other, exchanging charming gallantries, and graceful compliments—evidently all of them on terms of cordiality and intimacy.

There was a pause—a hush—on my entrance, and every eye was turned towards me. My first and strongest desire was to sink into the earth, but while I waited to be found out—perhaps to be wholly expelled from the palace—there seemed to pass from lip to lip a murmur of my name. This impression or idea had hardly penetrated my brain when I suffered a new shock of surprise—for the distinguished company rose, as if moved by one emotion, and came flocking towards me. The player on the organ, a man of middle age and portly build, brought his music to a close with a sudden chord, and joined the others. Bright eyes

looked at me with the kindest interest; hands were held out in greeting. "You are welcome," said the gentle chorus; "we have missed you and longed often for your presence; we prize it the more because it comes late, and after many unfulfilled hopes."

What was a shy young Englishman to do or say in face of this delicate flattery? I own I saw no way out of the difficulty, and I resigned myself to fate: for once I should enjoy the novel sensation of being a somebody—a prince or a king, for aught I knew. I was reckless now, and let them believe me what they would.

I returned the salutations with the best grace I could summon: I murmured that it gave me infinite pleasure to be there—as if I had crossed the forest for no other purpose. One gentleman with a very fine presence and a most courtly and easy manner, stepped a little in advance of the others, and asked me if I had refreshed myself.

I thanked him, and said that I had.

"You are a little late," he remarked; "perhaps you had some difficulty in discovering our rendezvous."

I was already growing hardened in deceit, and I answered that I had certainly lost my way.

"Ah," he said lightly, "it happens to some of us every year; that is the disadvantage of a palace without a name—a mansion without a host."

He was not, then, the master of ceremonies as I had supposed. Yet he looked the part to perfection; he had the air of one bred at courts—a manner at once gracious and a trifle imperious, an eager, intellectual, mobile face, and the most beautifully shaped white hands.

"Is there then no host?" I ventured to ask.

"We are all equals here," he smiled; "a common love and devotion is our only bond; we welcome you with joy to our Brotherhood; yours is a name that we have long venerated—a genius that we adore. You wear, I observe," he continued, "the modern English dress"—I was conscious of an unwonted rush of heat down my spine as his glance travelled over my dusty tourist's costume,—"and you are right. It is we alone who never grow old; we move on with the centuries; we are for all time; we are the only true immortals."

What preposterous, absurd, inscrutable notion had he taken into his head? I an immortal! If Clarkson could have heard him! My hardihood was not equal to this occasion. I do not know to what depths my embarrassment might have led me but for a welcome diversion. A second player had now seated himself at the organ, and the audience turned towards him with a movement of deep attention. I knew the music this time; but never before had I heard it rendered as it was now rendered. It was a fugue in D minor by Bach—the great Bach—the music god of my veneration. As the player touched the keys he seemed to bring with him the spirit of the times in which this special form of composition flourished. One seldom hears a fugue now except in churches, but in the great, rather bare saloon, not a note of that majestic swelling music was lost. The courtly gentleman and the graceful ladies listened in a charmed and comprehending silence: it was as still within as it was in the dark forest without.

When I was able to shake myself a little free from the magic of his playing, I looked at the player. Surely that earnest, modest, kindly face under the wig was not wholly unfamiliar: in a picture or in a dream I had seen that sagacious brow, that ponderous nose and double chin.

"Who is the player?" I whispered to my neighbour—a pleasant-looking youth—when a murmur of applause greeted the last chords.

He looked slightly surprised.

"Bach," he answered.

"Not Johann Sebastian?" I asked, wondering if my brain were turned.

"There is but one Bach," he answered with a smile.

I could have told him that there were a hundred and fifty of that strangely gifted clan, but that was little to the purpose.

"And who was he who preceded him at the organ?" I demanded.

This time he laughed, though gently.

"Ah!" he said, "it pleases you to amuse yourself!"

I was not at all amused, but I was extremely mystified, and I suppose the earnestness and gravity of my expression answered for my good faith, for he went on,—

"You might fail to recognise the modest creature, but the favourite of the Court of St. James's, the hero of your English people—the friend of charming Kitty Hyde!"

"Handel," I said, feeling not quite sure whether I stood on my head or my heels, or whether, indeed, I was I at all—"Handel!"

He bowed again. "You have not been to one of our annual gatherings before, I think?" he said, as if he would charitably seek excuse for my ignorance; "and the author of the 'Messiah' was born, to be sure, into a later century than you."

This astounding statement deprived me of all power of retort. I gazed with what I felt to be an expression of almost imbecile helplessness at the speaker.

"And who, I beg of you," I asked, making a last effort to rescue my whirling thoughts, "was the gentleman who addressed me when I entered?"

His face brightened, and he answered with animation, "That was the Ritter von Gluck. A princely presence, is it not, and a noble spirit. You see in him still the teacher of the beautiful and lively Marie Antoinette, the composer and director of the private operas in which the players were all of royal blood, above all the author of the 'Orpheus.' I can recall its first representation at Vienna," he continued: "I see the composer take his seat at the harpsichord—I hear again the impassioned recitatives; the thrill and rush of the chorus, the divine prayer of Orpheus—ah!" he ended, his enthusiasm suddenly crossed by a deep sadness; "it is well we can live in the past, it is in memory only that we have true joy—there is no such music now-a-days."

He was a stripling who thus spoke, and he talked as if he were at the least a hundred and thirty years old. If I belonged to an earlier century than Handel, I must have flourished in the reign of Charles I.; and yet I could not recall the person of that ill-fated monarch. I looked across the room at the son of the barber who rose to such favour at the court of our first George. I possessed a small terra-cotta bust of Handel; it had adorned—with the likenesses of other great masters—a special bracket in my room at Cambridge, and I curiously compared my memory of it with the original. I found it quite convincing; the artist had skilfully caught the mingled expression of irascibility and benevolence that was characteristic of that heavily moulded face—the very curl of the wig that played so important a part in the fiery old German's career had been carefully reproduced.

Handel was bending in talk with a lady who wore a hoop and patches, and her diamonds shining in her powdered hair. I would have cheerfully forfeited a month or two of life to

have heard their talk, but not a syllable of it reached me in my corner. Indeed, the voices were so subdued that the talk in the great room rarely rose above a murmur, and every now and then it was hushed into complete silence as some master in his art drew a strange and weirdly beautiful melody from harp or violin, spinet or organ. The scene was a quaint jumble, half mediæval; the instruments were all of a curious and antique device; it might have been a collection from some museum transported here for the night to match the archaic dresses of the ladies and gentlemen, and freaks and the turns of their speech, that made it difficult for a stranger to follow their low-voiced conversation.

I observed with some surprise that though there were many ladies present, no one sang; no voice floated out to the forest in notes of power and beauty. I could but conclude that, with the German love of method and orderliness in all things, the evening was set apart for instrumental music.

Catching a glimpse of my former informant, I ventured to touch him on the sleeve. He turned at once.

"I see many ladies who must be rarely gifted since they are present here," I said; "will none of them sing?"

"There is no singing at our reunions," he said, looking grave; "to sing would break the spell."

I could not get him to explain himself, because he courteously begged me to excuse him.

"I see that Haydn has just come in," he remarked, and he flitted across the room. I followed him with my glance, and I too saw Franz Joseph—the small, brown boy of whom I had read as banging away on a sham fiddle at the family concerts in his humble home—grown into the brilliantly successful and yet modest and simple and unworldly creator of the "Creation."

It will be seen that by this time I had ceased to resist, and had surrendered my reasoning faculties; the spell, let it be what it would, was upon me, and I was under its power. The sight of Haydn naturally recalled Mozart, the gay and bright young genius to whom "Papa Haydn" paid so generous a homage. I looked about me eagerly, but I failed to recognise the handsome, dreamy-eyed face that never lived to be old.

A lady, who had an arch and piquant expression and a merry mouth, now addressed me.

"We have not seen you here before," she said; "yet many of your nature have joined us. And we are, after all, of one nature, since we have but one language."

"You make me wish for the first time, madam, that it was my happy lot to be a German subject," I answered, finding her very pretty when she laughed and showed her white teeth.

"Your own country needs you," she said; "your madrigals—surely they are not forgotten?"

As she spoke a sudden light flashed across my brain. I was no longer Oswald Gibbons, late student at Cambridge; I was Orlando, bachelor of music of that same university; court organist, and writer of "fancies," melodies, anthems innumerable.

Orlando—that was my revenge for the skill you would not show.

I drew myself up; I felt a new man, though I answered her gaily that I could not hope to be remembered where so many better men were forgotten.

"We remember you," she said softly, and I felt as grateful to her as if I were the real Orlando. She was a very charming lady; she pointed out the distinguished guests to me, and

mentioned many names that had been but history to me till that night. When I asked her if Mozart were present, she laughed and shrugged her shoulders. She intimated that he was present, and she suggested, by a certain archness in her bow that when she went thither he would soon follow.

"Do you remember Nannerl?" she asked.

Being by this time steeped in deceit, I replied that I remembered Nannerl perfectly. I had, indeed, but lately read Lady Wallace's interesting book, and felt that I knew the gifted brother and sister very well.

"Any one else?" she asked.

I named Constanze Weber, though her limp personally did not greatly interest me, but she frowned at my suggestion. While I was bitterly regretting the offence I had unwittingly given, and puzzling over her meaning, the crowd parted, and Mozart advanced towards us. He had not so much as a passing glance for me, but I looked eagerly at him. His hair was powdered and in a tie; he wore a high-collared coat and a shirt with a wide frill, but it was his face I chiefly gazed at. The fine soul of the man looked out of it in the wide white forehead, and the blue, rather sad eyes under the arched brows. The eyes were not sad when they rested on my companion, however; they were full of half-reproachful merriment.

"Don't dare to say you have found me!" she challenged him, "because I never took the trouble to hide from you!" With that she passes her hand within his arm, and turning a white, petulant shoulder on me, left me without a word. I have since reflected that this must have been the lively and sprightly young cousin to whom young Mozart wrote those ridiculous letters, full of boyish nonsense and high spirits. I had not offended her so grievously if I had remembered this in time.

Ah, that night! Shall I ever forget its glories—or its vicissitudes? They asked me to play, and with a recklessness born of desperation, I made some airy excuse; of music there was enough without mine, even had I been the veritable Orlando. Never while I live—perhaps even after I die—shall I forget the rapture of melody that filled the saloon, and floated out to the solemn listening pines. It was destined to come to a sudden end, and that by a rash act of mine.

The young man who had before befriended me came to me when I found myself bereft of my fair companion. He asked me if I would like to see Beethoven, who was reported to have arrived, and to be supping in a small private room. I eagerly assented, and he led me by long corridors and many empty chambers to a little alcove at the further end of the palace. The great master had not yet entered it, and while we waited for him I looked out upon the mystery of the night. "It is singular that I have not heard of this palace before," I said, "and yet I have lived near it for many weeks."

"We occupy it but one night in the year," he replied; "but our messenger was sent to remind you of our meeting. He goes to all the Brotherhood—in all lands and of all ages."

"Perhaps he sent to the true Orlando," I thought, but I kept silence.

"Tell me," I said, "shall I see now the master and founder of the new school—the great Wagner?"

A sort of shade crossed his face at the question—a spasm of anger or fear.

"Wagner lives," he said reproachfully (it was indeed the heyday of his glory); "it is only the shades of the great departed who meet here."

It was my turn to be shaded now. I was impelled at last, I know not how, to make my imposture plain; perhaps now that I was removed from the influence of that rapturous

The spirit
Is in the
So tender
Dares wi
The prim
The sun
Parted be
And more
Dear and
Of heaven

music my conscience was stirred; perhaps it was only a worldly fear of death that urged me.

"I am a living man!" I cried,—“I am not the long-dead organist you take me for; there is no tie between him and me, but a likeness in our names. I am not even one of your craft—I am a deceiver if you will, but I am an Englishman of this century—flesh and blood and no spirit”

My vehement words were arrested by his look; he seemed to turn of a curious paleness—the light faded out of his eyes, and a strange twilight seemed to creep between him and me, and to wrap him from me as in a veil. While I gazed, wondering and awe-struck, the palace and all the gay and brilliant company in it were hidden by the stern misty greyness. I rubbed my eyes; I looked once more; I called aloud, but no one answered me. With the same mystery that had attended my first glimpse of its glittering lights the palace had melted and vanished; I stood alone in the heart of the forest, and I saw the dawn break on its eastern edge.

I found my way somehow to the Bad in time for breakfast. Clarkson—whom my absence had not disturbed to the loss of a moment's sleep—was in the gayest spirits; he rallied me on my delay, but when I began to hint my strange experience to him, he stoutly refused it his belief. When I solemnly denied that I had slept and dreamed the scene, he looked impatient. He spent an hour or two in making particular inquiries as to the existence of a palace in the woods, and finding that the oldest inhabitants of the soil had never heard of such a place, he came back to me triumphant, feeling that he was armed with an irresistible argument.

"Will you own that you dreamt it now, my dear, mad musician?" he asked, when he had flung all his bolts.

But I would not own that I had either slept or dreamed, and when I remained obstinate and unconvinced, Clarkson looked grave. At Cologne he made an abrupt excuse to hurry on to London before me, and as he is not practised in deceit, I knew very well that he considered me slightly crazed. We are excellent friends still, but he never alludes to that incident in our early travels. As for me, when I think of them, I think of but little else than that palace of music in the heart of the forest. There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy, and why not a meeting of the great dead who are yet and for all time, the living? If I was mad that night, I would wish myself never sane; if it were sleep, I would that it returned and did not leave me, for never, waking or sleeping, have I heard such wondrous music since.

L. KEITH.

Spring.

*The spirit of the wild wood violet
Is in the air; the fragile snowdrop too,
So tender, pure, and innocently bold,
Dares wind and rain in its sweet lowliness.
The primrose, open-eyed, looks up, and sees
The sun in every blue rift of the clouds,
Parted before the joyous hopeful wind;
And mortals listen to the symphony,
Dear and familiar, yet for ever new,
Of heavenly beauty in the earthly Spring.*

M. S. W

Literature of Music

FRANZ LISZT.

THE first part of the second volume of L. Ramann's life of Liszt has recently been published. The first volume brought us to the end of the long sojourn in Italy, and now we are able to follow the king of pianists in his triumphant progress through Europe from 1840 to 1847. Miss Ramann has spared no pains to make the record as complete as possible, and she has described a wonderful career in a wonderfully graphic manner. Franz Liszt arrived in Vienna near the close of 1839. Before the end of February he had given in all nine concerts, and his success—as Dominie Sampson would have said—was prodigious. All other pianists—Madame Pleyel excepted—were cast into the shade. Our authoress attributes the magic influence which Liszt exercised to the long years of rich, and oft bitter experience passed in Italy which ripened his artistic nature, and also to his latent genius as composer. His mere pianoforte playing, however wonderful, would not alone account for it. Liszt's countrymen were proud of his successes at Vienna, so that when, at the end of 1839, he visited Hungary, he was received with extraordinary enthusiasm. At Pressburg the people turned out to meet him as if he were a king; at Pesth banquets were given in his honour, and he was presented with a sword and created a nobleman. At a grand dinner a proposal was made to collect money for a marble bust. "What do you want with a Liszt bust?" said the hero of the *fête*. And he proposed that the money should be spent in sending a native sculptor to enjoy the advantages which Paris could bestow. "And," added Liszt, "let us think about establishing a *Conservatoire* of music." Forty years later a *Conservatoire* was founded, with Liszt at its head. He paid a visit to Reiding, his birthplace, visited the house where he was born, pointed out the wall of his room on which hung formerly the portraits of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, and at an open-air festival danced with the prettiest girl of the village. Everywhere he played, and won all hearts. To the interest which Liszt took in the national music of Hungary, the symphonic poem "Hungaria," the "Rakóczy" March, and the Hungarian Rhapsodies bear good testimony. In 1840 Liszt went to Dresden and Leipzig. Here he found himself in a different musical atmosphere: here was the stronghold of conservatism against which Schumann and his friends were fighting. Mendelssohn and Schumann had heard of Liszt's victories at Vienna, of the enthusiasm at Prague, and awaited his arrival not without curiosity. Mendelssohn had met Liszt in Paris nearly ten years previously—when the two in company with Chopin and Hiller used to walk along the *boulevards* and excite attention by their "Homeric laughter." Schumann he had never met, although that composer's works were familiar to him. In 1837 Liszt had even written an article in the *Gazette Musicale* about the *Impromptus* (Op. 5), the *F sharp minor Sonata* (Op. 11), and the *Concert sans orchestre* (Op. 14),—an article which, as we learn from a letter of Schumann to Clara, caused surprise and pleasure to the composer. And Schumann had

written about Liszt in the *Neue Zeitschrift*—notably about his interesting pianoforte transcription of Berlioz' *Fantastic Symphony*. At Dresden Liszt was successful, but at his first appearance at the Gewandhaus, Leipzig, he was coldly received, and even hisses were heard. At a second concert, however, the "Erl King" and the "Lucia" fantasia—to use a familiar phrase—brought down the house. In return for the friendship shown to him by Mendelssohn and Schumann, Liszt played at a third concert at Dresden the D minor Concerto of the former, and the "Carneval" of the latter. One can see in a letter written to Wasiclewski, Schumann's biographer, after the composer's death, what Liszt thought of his friend's music. "When I played the 'Carneval' at Leipzig," he writes, "the musicians and those who passed as understanding music, had (with few exceptions) their ears too thickly covered with masks to receive this work, so charming, so beautifully ornamented, so variegated and rich in artistic fancy."

On the 8th of May 1840, Liszt appeared at the Hanover Square Rooms, London. "After Liszt one must shut up the piano," said Moscheles, who was present. L. Ramann gives us an interesting piece of information. *Piano Recitals* was the name invented, and first used by Liszt for his concerts. The *Athenaeum* sang his praises; the *Musical World* launched anathemas against him. After Liszt had played Weber's "Concertstück" at the Philharmonic Society, an old gentleman with snow-white beard pushed into the player's hand a bank-note, exclaiming the while, "It was worth more! it was worth more!" Liszt was undoubtedly the lion of the season.

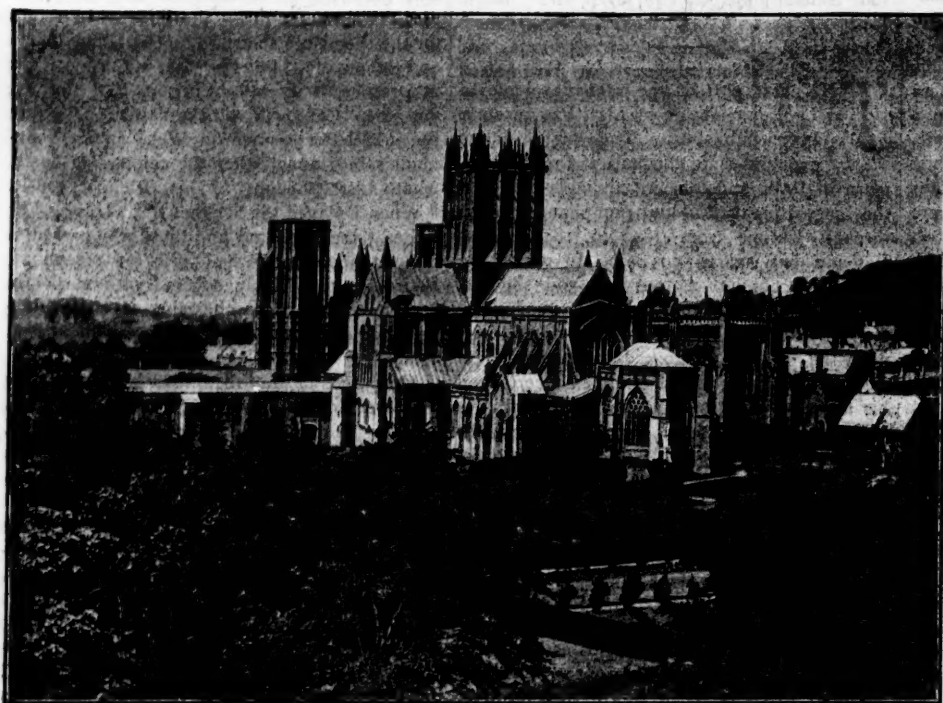
In 1841 the pianist made his first public appearance at Paris since the year 1837—that famous year of the Liszt-Thalberg contest, which our authoress has so fully described in her first volume. Now Hector Berlioz hailed him as "le Roi des Pianistes." His "Mazeppa" *Etude* and "Robert" *fantasie* compelled even his bitterest enemies to applaud; yet—as Berlioz sarcastically remarked—"two hours after they recommenced their systematic opposition, and then at the first opportunity came again to hear, to wonder, and to applaud." It was during this visit that Liszt's name was struck out by Louis Philippe himself from a list of distinguished persons who were considered worthy of the *Légion d'Honneur*.

A visit to Copenhagen in 1841, and the cordiality with which he was received by the king, are described by Liszt in a letter to Léon Kreutzer. The statues of Thorwaldsen in the "Frauenkirche" excite his admiration, and he compares the immortality of sculptors like Michel Angelo, Thorwaldsen, painters like Rafael and Rubens, with the ephemeral glory of Palestrina, Gluck, and even the divine Mozart. For the bewitching melodies of Rossini had tickled the public ear, and these musical gods were no longer worshipped. Liszt's reasoning, however, was not very profound. For a time only was the public mind turned away from Mozart, and indeed from Beethoven: the *fioriture* of the swan of Pesaro could only hide them as does a cloud the passing sun. The cloud once by, the sun seems to shine all the brighter; and so, the Rossini fever having subsided, Palestrina and his successors now shine with greater lustre.

During the two weeks which Liszt spent in Copenhagen, he played no less than seven times at the court. To Christian VIII. King of Denmark he dedicated the "Don Juan" *fantasie*, one of his most difficult pieces. The publisher Schlesinger had great trouble in getting him to put it on paper.

The Cathedrals of England.

No. VII.—WELLS.



WELLS CATHEDRAL, FROM TOR HILL.

ALTHOUGH one of the smallest cathedrals in England, Wells has been declared, by some of the highest authorities, to be one of the most beautiful and harmonious. The precincts, also, with their fine grass and trees, the ancient Vicar's College, Episcopal Palace, and Bishop Beckington's three noble gate-houses, constitute surroundings of no common charm.

But little credible information is to be obtained of the early history of the see. The first Christian church at "The Wells" is believed to have been built by King Ina about the year 704. It was not till two centuries later that, Edward the Elder and his subjects being excommunicated by the Pope, in consequence of the country of the West Saxons having been left for seven years without any bishops, a council was hastily called, the result of which was that seven bishops were consecrated in one day to seven different sees, among them Anthelm to Wells.

The first Saxon church having fallen into ruins after the Conquest, it was repaired by Bishop Robert in 1135, but a century later the whole part west of the presbytery was pulled down and rebuilt on a far more magnificent scale by Bishop Jocelyn, of whose work the nave, transepts, central tower, and west front still remain. During the next two centuries various additions were made by successive bishops, the chapter-house, choir, and lady-chapel being early fourteenth-century, and the north-west tower and cloisters fifteenth-century work.

The chief glory of the exterior of Wells is the unrivalled west front, of which, as Fuller says, "England affordeth not the like. For although the west end of Exeter beginneth accordingly, it doth not, like Wells, persevere to the end thereof." Bishop Jocelyn's noble work has been the text for many a discourse and many a conjecture by architects, artists, and antiquaries. Although much damaged at the time of the Reformation, and of Monmouth's rebellion, up-

wards of three hundred statues still remain, of which at least half are life-size or colossal. The sculptures are arranged in six tiers. The first, now nearly empty, consisted, according to Mr. Cockerell, of personages of the first and second Christian missions to this country; the second, of angels holding crowns; the third, of subjects from the Old and New Testaments; the fourth and fifth, of "an historical series of the lords temporal and spiritual, saints and martyrs, under whom the Church has flourished in this country; and the sixth, of a representation of the final resurrection."

Mr. Flaxman has called attention to the remarkable design and execution of the sculptures on this "architectural title-page," when the fact is taken into consideration that in the thirteenth century the revival of the art of sculpture had only just begun in Italy, and also that the workmen could have had no knowledge of anatomy, optics, or perspective.

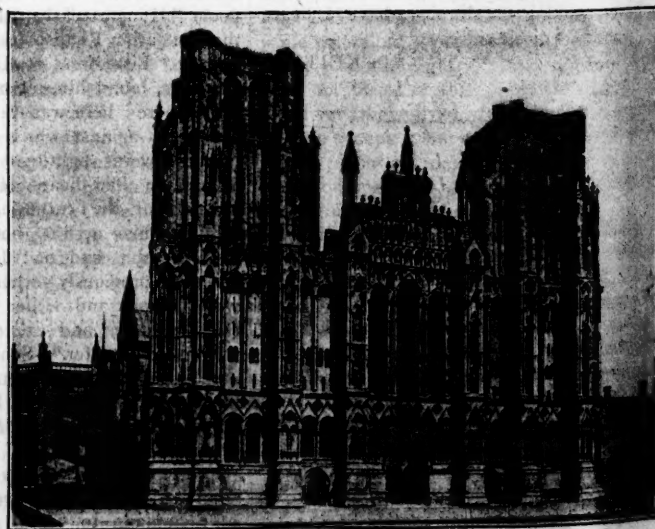
The three west doors are of such unusually small size, owing no doubt to the desire of the architect to leave as much room as possible for the series of elaborate sculptures above, that they have been compared to rabbit-holes in a mountain-side. The lower half of the two splendid western towers is Early

English, and the upper half Perpendicular in style. The north porch is a fine specimen of early pointed architecture. The ornamented capitals of the pillars represent the martyrdom of St. Edmund, who was first shot with arrows, and afterwards beheaded in the year 870.

On entering the nave the eye is at once caught by the peculiar inverted tower arches, which date from the first part of the fourteenth century, when the edifice had settled to such a degree that the superstructure was found to require a strong additional support. Uncommon as is the effect produced by these arches, it is unfortunate that they intercept the view into the choir. Professor Willis points out that the nave, though built during the Early English period, is really but little removed from the Norman style, and must have been the work of a wholly different school of masons to those who were employed upon our other Early English cathedrals, such as Lincoln and Salisbury. He puts forth an interesting theory to the effect that there was, probably in the neighbourhood of Wells, "a school of masons, who continued working with their own companions, and in their own style, long after the Early English style was introduced in this country. . . . It is by no means unnatural that, in a district abounding with stone, a style peculiar to the locality should spring up amongst masons who were always at work together."

Situated in the nave are the two beautiful chantry-chapels of Bishop Bubwith (1424) and Dean Sugar (1489). Both are of the same general character, with much graceful and delicately-wrought ornamentation, but the latter is more highly enriched than the former.

The north and south transepts are both distinguished by the curious and interesting carvings on the capitals of the pillars. In the north transept is a remarkable old clock made by Peter Lightfoot, a monk of Glastonbury, about 1325. The dial shows, besides the time of day, the phases of the moon and other astronomical signs. Formerly, whenever the clock struck the hour, four mounted knights revolved rapidly round a platform. There is also a seated figure of a man, supposed by some to be Peter Lightfoot himself, who strikes the quarters with his heel.



WEST FRONT, WELLS CATHEDRAL.

The east aisle of the south transept is divided into chapels, one dedicated to St. Martin and the other to St. Calixtus. In the latter is placed the canopy of Bishop Beckington's once splendid chantry, which formerly stood in the choir-aisle, where his effigy still remains.

Few cathedral choirs in England produce a more beautiful or picturesque general effect than that of Wells. This is owing, in a measure, to the lowness of the altar and screen, over which a view is obtained of the arches, graceful pillars, and stained windows of the retro-choir and Lady-Chapel. The choir was carefully restored about forty years ago, and the pulpit and stalls are modern. In the choir-aisles are the tombs and effigies of various bishops, among the most striking of which is that of Bishop Drokensford (1329) with its lofty carved canopy. The exquisite Lady-Chapel is of the same date as the choir. It is pentagonal in shape, and the large windows on each side are filled with fragments of ancient stained glass, superb in colouring, but of confused and ill-assorted design.

A unique feature of Wells is the chapter-house, which is situated twenty feet above the pavement of the church, being approached by a noble stone staircase, and has a crypt beneath it. It is believed to have been the work of Bishop De la March (1293-1302), and is generally allowed to be the finest example of its kind in England. The shape is octagonal, and there is a central pier from which the ribs of the vaulting radiate. Round the walls, under the large windows, are fifty-one stalls, that being the number of the bishop's chapter.

The cloisters were built partly by Bishop Bubwith (1407-1424), and partly by Bishop Beckington (1425-1464). Over the western walk is the Chapter Grammar School, and over the eastern, the Chapter Library, which contains about 3000 books, many of which formerly belonged to Bishop Ken.

The title of Bishops of Bath and Wells which is borne by the holders of this see, dates from as early as the twelfth century. The first Norman Bishop, John de Villula (1088-1122), who had previously practised medicine at Bath, retained a predilection for that city after his appointment to Wells. Having induced Rufus to sell him the town of Bath for two hundred pounds, he removed the see thither, and styled himself Bishop of Bath. This gave rise, however, to so much jealousy between the monks of both places, that Bishop Robert (1135-1166) decided that in the future the Bishops should be called "of Bath and Wells."

Among the distinguished Bishops of Wells must first be mentioned Jocelyn de Trotman (1206-1239), the rebuilder of the cathedral, who has left such a glorious memorial in the great west front. He held the see for thirty-seven years, for, as Fuller says, "God, to square his great undertakings, gave him a long life to his large heart." Bishop Ralph of Shrewsbury (1329-1365) founded the Vicar's College, and made himself extremely popular in Wells by "destroying by hunting, with the king's consent, all the wild beasts of Mendip forest."

Bishop Beckington (1443-1464), who was educated by William of Wykeham at Winchester and Oxford, seems to have been desirous of emulating to some degree the splendid example of his patron. He attracted the favourable notice of the Duke of Gloucester

by writing a learned treatise in confutation of the Salique law in France, and was presently appointed Secretary of State and Keeper of the Privy Seal. Besides building the three fine gate-houses and part of the cloisters at Wells, he spent six thousand marks upon his episcopal palaces, and was also one of the principal benefactors of Lincoln College, Oxford.

The Tuscan Cardinal-Bishop Adrian de Castello (1504-1523) had a narrow escape from poisoning at the hands of the "detestable Borgias." The riches amassed by the bishop had excited the envy of the Pope Alexander Borgia and his son Cæsar, who determined to treat him, together with some other cardinals, to a draught of poisoned wine at a banquet in the Vatican garden. By some mistake, however, the wine was presented to the Pope and his son, who drank it instead of the intended victims. Alexander, being an old man, died next day, and Cæsar suffered from the effects of the draught for the remainder of his life.

But of all the spiritual lords of Wells it is probable that the name of none is better known

killed, together with his wife, by the falling of a stack of chimneys into their bedroom in the palace during the great storm of 1703—a circumstance which many persons looked upon as a judgment from heaven.

At the time of the Reformation fearful spoliation were committed at Wells. Sir J. Harington writes: "Scarce were five years past after Bathe's ruins, but as fast went the axes and hammers to work at Wells. The chapel of our Lady, late repayed by Stillington, a place of great reverence and antiquity, was defaced; and such was their thirst for lead (I would they had drunk it scalding) that they took the dead bodies of bishops out of their leaden coffins, and cast them abroad. . . . The statues of kings were shipped from Bristol; but disdaining to be banished out of their own country, chose rather to lie in St. George his Channell, where the ship was drowned."

During Monmouth's rebellion in 1685, the Duke's Protestant followers "tore the lead from the roof of the cathedral to make bullets, but wantonly defaced the ornaments of the building,

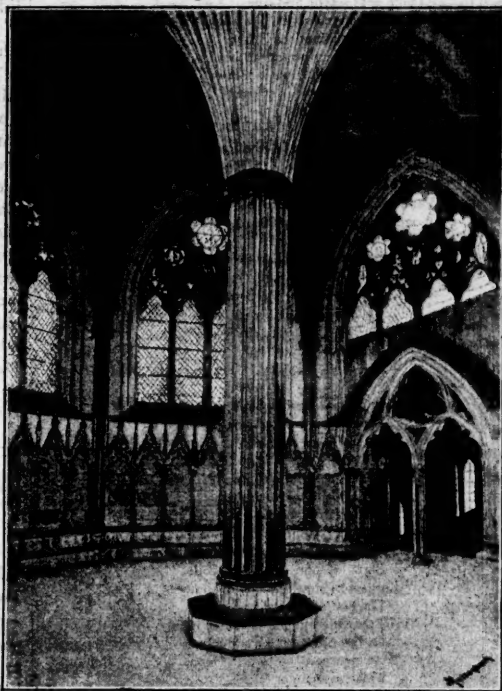
Grey, Lord of Warkworth, with difficulty preserved the altar from the insults of some ruffians who wished to carouse round it, by taking his stand before it with a drawn sword."

The following curious anecdote, illustrative of the superstition of the times, is told of a thunderstorm which took place at Wells in 1596:—"One summer's day, while the people were at divine service in the cathedral church, they heard, as it thundered, two or three claps above measure dreadful, so that the whole congregation, affected alike, threw themselves on their knees at this terrifying sound. It appeared that the lightning fell at the same time, but without doing harm to any one. So far, then, there was nothing but what is common in the like cases. The wonderful part was this, which afterwards was taken notice of by many: that the marks of a cross were found to have been imprinted on the bodies of those who were then at divine service in the cathedral." This anecdote is vouched for by the then bishop, John Still.

The ancient organ at Wells was presented by Dr. Creighton, who was appointed bishop in 1670. This instrument was replaced in 1857 by a splendid new organ built by Mr. Henry Willis. Bishop Creighton's son, Robert Creighton, who was appointed Precentor and Canon of Wells in 1670, was of some note in his day as a composer of church music. Two or three of his anthems and services are still performed, the best known of which is his canon anthem, "I will arise."

That excellent musician, the late James Turle, received his early training at Wells, where he was a chorister from 1810 to 1813. In 1819 he became assistant organist at Westminster Abbey, and upon Greatedore's death in 1831, was appointed his successor. He continued at his post till 1875, when he was released from active duty by the appointment of Dr. Bridge as his assistant. He composed a large number of anthems, services, and glees, while his skill as a teacher was proved by the fact that several of his pupils afterwards rose to eminence in their profession. Mr. Turle died June 28, 1882.

Mr. Watkin Mills and Mr. Harper Kearton, now so well known and so widely employed at concerts and oratorios, both in London and the provinces, were formerly vicars-choral of Wells Cathedral.



CHAPTER-HOUSE, WELLS CATHEDRAL.

at the present day than that of Bishop Ken (1684-1690), the author of the favourite morning and evening hymn. The bishop deserves also to be remembered for his blameless life, and for the consistency with which, throughout the troublous times in which he lived, he acted "for conscience' sake." After the battle of Sedgemoor the good bishop received and succoured hundreds of the fugitives at his palace in Wells. He was one of the seven bishops committed to the Tower for opposing James the Second's Declaration of Indulgence. This did not shake his allegiance to the king, however, for, upon William's accession, he was deprived of his bishopric for refusing to take the new oaths of allegiance. After making a public protest against his deprivation in the cathedral, Bishop Ken retired to Longleat, the house of his friend Lord Weymouth, where he spent the greater part of his remaining days. He lived till the year 1710, which it seems probable he would not have done had he remained at Wells, since his supplanter in the bishopric, Dr. Kidder, was

Music at Glasgow International Exhibition.

WE are still in our place in the "Front row of the Orchestra" at Glasgow Exhibition. The weather has been magnificent, and the attractions musically and otherwise have caused us to linger here. The Exhibition has been visited by one million people since its opening, and there is no doubt that the very full musical service has been one cause of this large number of visitors. The band of the Seaforth Highlanders have just left, and their place has been taken by the Blue Hungarian Band. It is a small string band, with their original wire instrument called "Czimbalom," played with two cork or wooden hammers. The performers are all "naturalists," that is, they do not know musical notation, they pick up everything by the ear, and are thus able to know hundreds of pieces by heart. Liszt says of these hands and their performances: "They recognise neither dogmas, laws, rules, nor discipline in music any more than in anything else. To them everything is good, everything is allowable, provided that it pleases. They shrink not from any boldness in music as long as it corresponds with their hardy instincts—as long as they see in it a faithful reproduction of themselves."

These performances have excited great interest here, so much so, that unless a very early seat is taken, it is impossible to get within hearing distance.

The performance of the Greenock Choral Union on 31st May, the second choral concert of the Exhibition, was looked forward to with interest. Throughout the day there was a drizzling rain, and foreigners in the city had a good example of a genuine Scotch mist. The Grand Hall, however, was crowded at six o'clock, when a recital on the organ was given by Mr. Turner, organist of Wellington Church, and formerly student of Royal College for the Blind, London.

At eight o'clock Mr. Hoeck, conductor of the Greenock Choral Union, took his place on the platform, and at once, without the aid of keynote, commenced Weber's glee, "Thy voice, O Harmony." Next came "Ave Maria, Vintage Song and Finale," from Mendelssohn's unfinished opera, "Lorely."

As a diversion from vocal music, an organ solo was given by Mr. Turner, overture in C, by Alfred Hollins, a fellow-student of Mr. Turner's, who recently gave a pianoforte recital in the Queen's Rooms here. The concert concluded with the march and chorus from "Tannhäuser," which was the masterpiece of the evening, both chorus and organ being exceptionally good.

Specially worthy of notice are the pianoforte recitals given at Mr. Hay's stand by Mr. H. A. Lambeth, the city organist. These are given on Messrs. Arthur Allison & Co.'s mello attachment pianoforte. This instrument has an electric current thrown on all the keys from a motor within the piano, and adds a beautiful mandoline effect to any piece of music. To listen to the compositions of the romantic Chopin and the poetic Schumann, whose glowing inspirations were increased by such aid, was a treat which these great masters never had the pleasure of hearing, and marks a great era in the manufacture of pianofortes.

Mr. Hay deserves much praise for his business enterprise in obtaining such an exponent as Mr. Lambeth to show the merits of his fine instruments.

We must not omit the performances of the Exhibition Band, conducted by Mr. E. T. De Banzie, and especially the performances of Master Robert Smith, a boy whose solos on the clarinet are exciting great interest; his solos, accompanied by the band, and entirely solo, have taken the people here by storm. Master Smith executes the most difficult passages on the clarinet with the greatest ease, and his long performances are listened to with untiring interest. It is quite the case that he is entitled to rank as another Mozart in this department of music.

The principal feature of the month was the performance of the Glasgow Choral Union. The Grand

Hall was densely packed two hours before the beginning of the concert, on Thursday the 7th June.

The interest centred in the inaugural ode, "The New Covenant," by Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, words by Mr. Robert Buchanan. The poem has been criticised severely by the press, as being entirely inappropriate to the occasion, and indeed Mr. Buchanan himself confessed in a letter to the *Glasgow Herald* that, not having been in Glasgow for some years, he had not an opportunity of personal acquaintance with the city.

While waiting in the Grand Hall for two hours to retain our seat, we read over the poem carefully, and found it indeed a true poetic creation. Perhaps a little more than the poet's licence has been taken to make the city more presentable, but this, we must hold, is quite justifiable—

THE INAUGURAL ODE.

Dark sea-born city, with thy throne
Set on the surge-veined shore,
The trumpet of the storm was blown
To break thy rest of yore:
In that dread hour thy soul was stirred
While, 'neath the night-black sky,
Fierce as an eagle's shriek was heard
The Covenanters' cry.

But now deep night hath taken flight,
Thine eyes serene and free
Watch thy winged ships, like angels bright
Walking a summer sea!
While out of grief and travail born
Hope comes with large increase,
Thy second Covenant is sworn
In sacramental peace.

Lo, raising now the palm and not the sword,
Praise ye the Lord!
Now that the night is done, from sea to sea
Wander our people by the Word set free.
In one strong voice of pride and sweet accord,
Praise ye the Lord!
Tempest and wrath subside for evermore,
The dove of peace wings on from shore to shore,
While countless cities echo back our cry,
"Uplift the bright green palm! lay by the sword!"
Hark, from the Eastern to the Western sky,
Clear voices make reply,
"Praise ye the Lord! Praise ye the Lord!"

City, whose birthright is the Sea
Storm-vent and tempest-blown,
That made thee strong, that keeps thee free,
And rocks thy craggy throne—
Thy sisters from a thousand shores
Look hitherward this day,
While on thy footstool rain the stores
Of harvests far away!
Symbols of plenty and of power,
Signs of man's bloodless toil,
Largess of sunshine and of shower,
Harvest of stream and soil,
All that the human mind can plan,
Or human strength can move,
Now crown, as heritage of man,
This covenant of love!

For that first faith in Freedom's sacred word,
Praise ye the Lord!
For city linked to city, loving hands
Waving in blessing from remotest lands,
For that one light still followed and adored,
Praise ye the Lord!
For lives set free, for labour bravely done,
For peace triumphant and for victory won,
Praise with one voice our Covenant and cry,
"Lo! now the palm hath triumphed, not the sword!"
Hark, from the Western to the Eastern sky,
Our brethren make reply:
"Praise ye the Lord! Praise ye the Lord!"

EPIQUE.

This is our Covenant: to band for ever,
In faithful love, till all our kind are free;
To spread the gifts of Peace with brave endeavour
From shining sea to sea!

To turn the furrow, seeds of brightness setting
Where seeds of sin and sorrow long have been!
To gather in our harvests, not forgetting
The poor who only glean!

To bless all gain life yields unto our labour,
All progress, all inventions, gifts and powers—
To share our substance, proving to our neighbour
The gain is God's, not ours!

We swear, this hour of peace and golden weather,
To keep our Covenant, wherer we roam—
Till God shall summon quick and dead together
To His great Harvest-Home!

All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice,
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

Dr. Mackenzie's "Ode" received a most careful and finished performance, the different parts singing with faultless accuracy and the most perfect taste. The vast audience joined with grand effect in the two verses of the Hundredth Psalm with which it concludes.

The "New Covenant" has distinctive features of its own, it bears the closest investigation, and is a masterpiece of majestic and stately harmony.

After the "Ode" came Handel selections. Specially noticeable was Beethoven's "Hallelujah" chorus from "Engedi." Then followed the two double choruses from "Israel in Egypt," "He gave them Hailstones," and "Moses and the Children of Israel." The vast audience, many of whom had been in their seats five hours, were unanimous in expressing satisfaction at this performance.

AN important meeting of the London Music Publishing Trade was recently held, by the courtesy of Messrs. Collard & Collard, at 16 Grosvenor Street, W.

The meeting was called at the invitation of Mr. Alfred Moul, as the representative of important Foreign Copyright Interests, under the new International Copyright Convention. Members of nearly every leading music publishing firm in London were present, to the number of thirty, including Messrs. Chappell, Ashdown, Boosey, Metzler, Cramer, Morley, Romer, Augener, Enoch Ricordi, Cocks, Joseph Williams, etc. etc. Mr. Edwin Ashdown, on being voted to the chair, introduced Mr. Moul to the meeting, with a few words expressing satisfaction that a representative for the foreign interests had been selected whom he felt sure the Trade would welcome. Mr. Moul then addressed those present at some length on the various subjects connected with the new Convention, and the desire of the Foreign Musical Trade to enter into reciprocal relations with the English Trade specially for the amicable adjustment of any difficulties or differences of opinion arising under the Convention.

The following resolutions at the conclusion of the meeting were unanimously carried:—

Moved by Mr. Thomas Chappell, and seconded by Mr. Romer—

(1) "That it is desirable to come as speedily as possible to amicable decisions with the foreign proprietors on all musical copyright matters which the Berne Convention and domestic legislation have furnished with new forms of protection."

Moved by Mr. Augener, seconded by Mr. S. Cocks—
(2) "That Mr. Alfred Moul's appointment and representation of the various foreign interests placed in his hands be welcomed and endorsed by the London Music Publishing Trade, and that he be assisted and encouraged in every possible way to bring about the reciprocal defence and development of all commercial and artistic musical interests in those countries which have joined the International Copyright Convention."

The meeting terminated with a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

THE study of the piano is a great help to the student in exactness of thinking. Like writing, it trains the mind to a sense of order, and to evolve ideas in a regular, systematic manner.

IT is a better mental trainer than geometry or algebra, and is most valuable in these days when there is so much vapid, inane dreaming. Vocal music is of much importance, but every vocalist who becomes a good pianist will be a better singer. From a simple, first grade piece, up to the fugues of Bach, there is the grandest means for direct intellectual study.

Foreign Notes.

EDOUARD LALO has received from the French Academy of Arts a promise of a prize of 3000 francs for his opera, "Le Roi D'ys."

ON June 2nd and 3rd, a concert was given at Budapest by the Viennese Men's Choral Society—the first given for twenty-five years on Hungarian ground; it has also held concerts at Pressburg and Oldenburg.

THE Philharmonic orchestra is leaving Berlin, in order to fulfil an engagement at Scheveningen. It has had great success during the past winter.

HERR ELMLAD, the bass singer, is engaged again for the Royal Opera House.

JUNE 8th was the birthday of Robert Schumann. This great composer first saw the light in June 1810, at Zwickau.

THE musical world has sustained a loss in the death of Carl Redel, on Sunday (June 3rd). He was the son of an apothecary, and born in the little Rhenish town of Kronenberg, on 6th October 1827.

HANS VON BÜLOW will, after the end of next season, go for a month to New York, in order to bring out Beethoven's "Cyclus."

DR. GUNTZ will definitely leave Hanover in September, and go to Frankfort-on-the-Maine to take up his position as professor at the High Conservatoire.

THE question of the reconstruction of the Opéra-Comique in Paris has been for some time occupying the minds of the French people, and they have now decided to rebuild it on the original site.

THE directors of the Opera have secured the services of Mdle. Litvinne, who will be an immense acquisition to Paris. Her engagement will not commence until May of next year.

M. VICTOR SYLVESTRE, ex-director of the Gymnase de Marseilles, has taken the direction of the Renaissance Theatre, where he hopes to re-establish the Operetta as in the time of M. Koning.

THE sale of the musical library of the lamented Padeloup took place during the early part of this month. For reasons unknown to us, this sale produced but a very small sum. The whole of his works only realized 3779 francs. The autograph edition of Sigurd was sold for 56 francs.

MM. CATULLE MENDES and EPHRAIM MIKHAEL are composing a lyric poem in three parts and four acts, of which the music will be written by M. Emmanuel Chabrier. The work is based on a tradition current during the third century of the Christian era.

THE recent harp competition in Paris had a most unlooked-for result. Six candidates presented themselves—five females and one male. At the end of a brilliant contest the ladies had been beaten, and M. Alfred Robert had obtained the votes of all the adjudicators. M. Robert was harpist at the "Théâtre des Arts de Rouen."

THE tenor Mauras, who for some time belonged to the French Opéra-Comique, has been well received at the Arcadian Theatre in St. Petersburg, where he acted in "Carmen" with a troupe of French opera-singers.

IT was announced last month in several of the French papers that some concerts were to be given in Paris by the choir of the Sixtine Chapel in Rome, but the project has now been definitely abandoned, although a French lady, said to be as rich as she is pious, offered to pay the expenses, which were estimated at 25,000 francs.

FIVE well-known Brussels artists have been giving a concert of ancient music at Milan, at which the pieces were performed on the now antiquated instruments for which they were composed, such as the viol d'amour, viol da gamba, clavicembalo, etc.

THE news of the suicide of two musicians reaches us from Milan, which city, it is to be feared, will soon have a reputation for self-murders equalling that of Berlin. The first suicide was that of M. Pirola, a well-known violoncellist, and member of the Scala orchestra. The unfortunate man opened one of his veins with a razor, and bled to death. He is believed to have been driven to despair in consequence of having received his dismissal from the Scala orchestra.

THE second suicide is that of an Italian impresario, Signor Moreno, who shot himself with a revolver in the cemetery at Milan.

IN consequence of the large influx of visitors expected this summer in Munich, several novelties will be given at the Court Theatre. Among others, Wagner's "Die Feen," at the first performance of which the composer's family have promised to be present; Verdi's "Otello;" Zöllner's "Faust," and Weber's "Die drei Pintos."

M. PAUL FECHTER, son of the celebrated comedian, Charles Fechter, has lately been killed while fencing with his brother-in-law. The foil of the latter entered M. Fechter's right eye, and penetrated to his brain. Paralysis immediately set in, and the wounded man only lived forty-eight hours after the accident.

A BRONZE bust of the late Signor Ponchielli has been presented to the Conservatoire at Milan by some of the composer's admirers.

A SERVICE was held on May 30, in the Church of St. Roch, Paris, to celebrate the anniversary of the burning of the Opéra-Comique. The *personnel* and the machinists of the Opéra-Comique were present, and after the ceremony proceeded to Père-la-Chaise to place a wreath upon the tomb of the victims.

AN unfortunate accident happened during the alterations and improvements which have lately been going forward at the Imperial playhouse at Berlin. A large scaffolding, from which the new iron roof was being erected, fell on to the stage, burying a number of workmen beneath it. About fifteen were more or less severely injured. Both the Emperor and Empress visited the scene of the disaster in the course of the day.

THE directors of the Grand Opera at Paris, M. Gailhard and M. Rilt, appear to be anything but popular with the members of the French musical press. One critic remarks that, at the present season, when the principal singers are away on leave, a very powerful pair of glasses is necessary in order to discover an *artiste* at the Opera. It is rumoured that the brothers De Reszke will not renew their engagement upon its expiration next year.

TWO new Italian operas are nearly ready for publication:—

1. "Alboino e Rosmunda," composed by M. Rinaldo Cafi, is to be performed at Florence.
2. "D'Artagnan," a comic opera, composed by M. Romeo Dionesi, the brother of the already celebrated violinist, Mdle. Giuletta Dionesi.

A RATHER strange incident has reached us from Italy: it is that a young baritone, who has sung recently at Rome with some success, calls himself Adelino Patti.

IT is announced that M. Anton Rubinstein, director of the St. Petersburg Conservatoire, on the refusal of the tenor Fiquier, has offered one of the singing classes of this establishment to Madame Mariani-Masi. This class was formerly held by M. Beniamino Cesi, who, through illness, has been obliged to return to Naples.

THE principal stars of the summer opera season at Kroll's Theatre in Berlin, have been the beautiful American Miss Howe, and the phenomenal tenor, Herr Mierzwinsky. Miss Howe is a promising *débutante* of the light soprano order, whose powers are hardly yet matured. Her appearance and agreeable voice, however, compensated for a good deal of inexperience.

HERR MIERZWINSKY'S artistic development is, unfortunately, not on a par with his vocal powers. Disregarding the intentions of the composer whose music he is interpreting, he relies almost exclusively for effect upon the brilliancy of his upper notes, particularly the high C and C sharp, which never fail to win for him the applause of "the gits."

M. SAINT-SAENS has nearly completed the score of his new opera, which is to be called "Benvenuto," if there are not already too many claimants to that name in the field. The work is divided into seven tableaux, which correspond to the various phases of M. Meurice's drama, upon which the libretto is founded.

AN interesting account comes from Paris of a performance, by the members of the Concordia, of Bach's St. Matthew Passion music, which was sung in French. This great work has only twice before been heard in Paris, the last time being ten years ago. As it was thought to be too long in its entirety, several cuts had been made, not always judiciously. For example, the whole episode of Judas' repentance and suicide was left out, as was also the short but characteristic chorus, "Lass ihn kreuzigen." It says more for the enthusiasm of the audience than for their feeling for the artistic unities, that they should have encored that most glorious of all choruses, "Sind Blitze, sind Donner in Wolken verschwunden?" In all other respects the performance seems to have been an eminently satisfactory one.

ON the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Barm Men's Choral Society, during the Whitsun holidays, there took place a great singing competition. There were eighty-one clubs entered for the contest, with 5000 singers. The "Lieder Kranz" at Cologne received the first prize—a gold medal and 100 marks; the Emperor's prize of honour was received by the "Sangerkreis;" and the prize of honour of the Dowager Empress was awarded to the "Concordia of Süchteln."

MR. E. R. KROEGER's first trio in E flat major, for piano, violin, and violoncello, was produced in Chicago a few weeks ago, and was received with the utmost enthusiasm.

CARL DAVIDOFF, the "Joachim of violoncellists," has lately been making a sensation in Berlin. According to the Berlin papers, it would be impossible to overrate the wonders of his tone, execution, and artistic style.

Chorus Singing.

AMONG people with a superficial knowledge of music, there is a belief that choral singing comes by nature, like the song of birds; and they imagine that time, correct intonation, and an idea of the composer's meaning are picked up as a matter of course by a cursory glance at the copy, instead of being acquired by careful attention and real hard work. Many young choral societies starting favourably, with a fairly-balanced body of voices, and an enthusiastic conductor, come to an untimely end, because the members do not recognise these facts of primary importance. We will suppose, for example, a choir of amateurs assembled, and ambitious of performing one of the oratorios most generally attempted. In order to succeed in any degree, the following rules must be observed, otherwise a failure is almost inevitable. First, regular attendance is indispensable. It often happens that when the first excitement of novelty wears away, members fail in this respect. A wet night, a friend's visit, a trifling ailment, serve as excuses, and rehearsal is missed. The consequence of which is, that the conductor's work is much increased; for having patiently drilled a portion of the class in a difficult passage one evening, he finds to his chagrin that he has it all to go over again the next practice, as the absentees of last week are in full force now, and of course know nothing about that night's work. This irregularity is the cause of nearly all the failures of small societies, and is productive of much annoyance in large ones, where, however, the rules are generally somewhat stringent, and a fine is inflicted for non-attendance. Granted, however, a fair average of members at each rehearsal, one of the chief, and often overlooked essentials is, that every one should count carefully each beat. It would be a good plan, to print in large type at the top of all the music, "Count your time;" but perhaps in the event of that precaution being taken, too much familiarity would but breed contempt. Many novices in chorus singing fancy that they can afford to dispense with this strict adherence to tempo, and that they will be sure to "come in" at the right moment. Experience shows this to be a treacherous pitfall. A good teacher of choral singing will insist upon the *rests* being counted aloud, and this is the only way to train people into anything like precision and firmness of attack. Observe a choir where this point is *not* insisted on, and see the nervousness in each part as their turn comes for taking up a lead. A few bolder spirits attack the situation, the others follow timidly; but there is no spontaneity. This weakness is illustrated in such a chorus as "For unto us" ("Messiah") when the sopranos (often the least reliable of any of the parts) lead, and a pitiable confusion is frequently observable, because the singers have but the haziest notions of the difference between the value of a crotchet and quaver rest, and of the number of semiquavers that make up a bar of common time; so instead of four orderly groups, with the first of each group slightly accentuated, we get an unsteady "wobble," that but for an undercurrent of contralto, and a tragic energy on the part of the conductor, would infallibly break down. The final "Amen" chorals of the same oratorio, is also one which demands a similar strict adherence to the simple rule, "Count your time," or rather, Count your conductor's time, not your own,—as many painstaking choristers do. Imagine for a moment the feelings of a man responsible for the performance of a work, who sees before him rows of *heads*, instead of alert faces. It is obviously impossible for choir and teacher to understand each other if the eyes of the former are fixed religiously on their copies, instead of keeping in constant communication with that flashing baton, as it marks each beat. If all the singers invariably looked for his cue, half a bar before a lead, there would be no such thing as feebleness of attack in any work which had been at all adequately rehearsed. As it is, one hears of this failing constantly, even in well-known works by old-established societies. It is a great saving of time, and tends to make rehearsals far more interesting, if the music is practised privately during the week,—a couple of half-hours will work wonders in this respect,

and give a feeling of security, which materially improves the *tone* of the singing. We will suppose that the notes and time are fairly learned, now comes the important matter of clearness of articulation, which should be exaggerated in singing. A ludicrous effect was pointed out by a conductor, when his choir sang the peculiar but very usual rendering of the chorus, "He trusted in God" ("Messiah"). "E trusted in God, that E would deliver Rim, let Tim deliver Rim if E delight in Nim." By the neglect of the aspirate, that exquisite chorus in "Elijah," "Blessed are the men," is often utterly spoiled, being rendered thus, "Blessed are the men oo fear Rim." Enough has been said to show that the ill-used H should be treated with great respect by choristers, if a worthy interpretation of the work in hand is to be given. All consonants, especially when beginning or ending a word, demand an almost pedantic accuracy of enunciation; in such a specimen as "Let us break their bonds," the difference is immense if the Ls and Bs are sung crisply, with due observance of the rests, instead of dragging and slurring, as the general tendency is. Taking breath in the proper place is also a thing to be studied. "And the glory, the"—breath—"glory of the Lord," sounds absurd, and can be easily avoided, although the second syllable of the word glory, coming on a quaver after a dotted crotchet, no doubt renders it a temptation to go on before taking a half breath; if yielded to, however, the chorus is spoiled. Equally to be shunned is the common error of singing the terminal S of a word, through the whole length of a pause, as in "Elijah," "He visits all the father's sins," where, on the word "sins," a shower of hisses comes from a chorus making this mistake; not until the uplifted baton is in the act of descending from its temporary suspension should the letter S be allowed to escape. Another thing to be cultivated by amateur choristers is an ear quick to recognise when the tone is losing quality; and in bits of unaccompanied singing, every one should feel an individual responsibility on this head. Many people are content just to go with the stream, and do not make any effort to keep "up to pitch." If, instead of this carelessness, each voice and ear strove to do its duty, there would be fewer cases to report of "went down a quarter of a tone;" though, when a work is thoroughly *known*, this fault is seldom met with. But this, unfortunately, is not often the case with all the members; renegades from drill turn up on field (concert) nights, and their inefficiency mars the best efforts of more conscientious singers, especially in passages where delicacy is required. These laggards ought not to be tolerated in any society, for, perhaps having been absent from three out of five final rehearsals, they have of course missed many of their teacher's admonitions on the score of expression, which is the last thing to be learnt in choral work. In such a passage as, "Behold, God the Lord passed by," in the "Elijah," commencing forte, and sinking to a mysterious pianissimo after the pause, which the *majority* have learned and remembered, very likely a few flat contraltos may come crashing in, and ruin the effect. It is curious how difficult it is to get a decrescendo from a choir, even after they have been persuaded to look for instructions to their master. This in itself takes more time than any one who has not tried would believe. A crescendo is tolerably easy; but its inversion is another matter. Surely nothing could be more simple than to start softly, gradually increasing the force to a certain point, and then as gradually decreasing until the starting-point is reached. How much of worry too often ensues before this apparently easy result is achieved! To sing choruses well requires regular attendance at practice, strict attention to time, clearness of articulation, respiration at proper intervals, and constant glances at the conductor for cue, changes of tempo, pauses, crescendo, and other marks of expression. It should be borne in mind that a conductor is not a mere time-beating machine, or human metronome, but rather a performer on a large complex instrument whereof orchestra and choir are the two living manuals, which should be as responsive to his touch as a well-voiced organ is to a skilled organist. A man who knows his business will in time impress his choir with a sense of the importance of the foregoing essentials, and will infuse a spirit of thoroughness into them when he has made it understood that he will

not tolerate "scamped" work. He will eventually train them, not only to sing correctly, but with real intelligence, as they come to realize the true significance of the music.

The beat of a good conductor is sharp and decisive; there is no difficulty in following it,—no graceful wavings or spasmodic jerkings, no confusion between $\frac{2}{4}$ and $\frac{3}{4}$ time, but just a steady rhythmic beat, which is to chorus singing what the keystone is to an arch, and keeps all steady and firm, while in no way obtruding itself on our notice.

K. S. S.

Accidentals.

"MUSIC is love in search of a word," said Sidney Lanier. We'll bet \$3 that the late lamented never dreamed of its going gunning for such words as "Walsungengeschlechtes," and "Liebeswebens," and "Weltbegrussung," and "Liebesentzückung;" but when it came into the woods of the Wagnerites it struck big game.

FROM a foreign journal we extract this news, which is not wanting in originality. The Australian Government has such a dread of hydrophobia, that it will not allow any dog to be brought into the colony. At Melbourne, however, they have made an exception in the case of Miss Genevieve Ward, who threatened to return to Europe, without opening her luggage, if they refused to receive her dog. The Government then made a special resolution by which Miss Ward was made legal guardian of the dumb animal. Again Miss Marie Roze has been engaged for a series of concerts in Australia; she possesses three dogs, from whom she will not hear of being separated, and, in case the Australians refuse to welcome her pets, she will cancel the contract.

A BUENOS AYRES journal published in English is crowing lustily over its contemporaries. It writes: "For years we have cautioned them to be more chary of their hyperbolic praise of the small musical celebrities who from time to time have visited us, lest, when the Queen of Song herself appeared, before whom all lesser lights must fade, they should be unable to find new terms of praise equal to the occasion. Having neglected our advice, we shall not assist them out of their difficulty, but we must be permitted to congratulate ourselves upon our constancy in asserting that if Patti came here all other singers would be forgotten."

WE are glad to see that war is likely to be declared against high-priced programmes. Of old they were short, and given, as a matter of course, with the concert ticket, or on entering the concert room. Then came the book of words and analysis—price sixpence. These were not unwelcome to the regular frequenters of the Popular Concerts, many of whom keep them in volumes. But now similar volumes are doubled in price, and a shilling a number is demanded; and here a line ought to be drawn, for a shilling represents much, especially to the most ardent lovers and staunchest supporters of the class of music so treated.

SPEAKING of "Sunday Attractions," a writer in the *Echo* observes:—"Perhaps I am led to this topic by an incident which I witnessed the other Sunday night at Hammersmith. It so chanced that I was in that district, and that, attracted by the beauty of the edifice, I strolled into the parish church of St. Paul's. Of its marble pillars, of its grand proportions, of its admirable service, I need here say nothing. To me the interesting fact was what occurred after choir and clergyman had left the building, and the congregation should have dispersed, the vast congregation sat still, while the well-known organist, Mr. Theodore Drew, gave a recital of sacred music on what, for quality of tone, is one of the best organs in London. Not merely the rich or 'respectable' people stayed there."

THE Paris held this to the j

Many of the people who sat enthralled by the music belonged to no class except the lower one—the class that is popularly supposed to have no ear for high, grave compositions; and it was not until the last solemn tones of that mellifluous instrument ceased that these 'ignorant persons' got up and reverently left.

"What a people we Londoners are!" I thought, as I quitted the sacred fane; we have in a thousand churches powerful organs, presided over by clever men, that are only used to play what is called a 'voluntary,' a hymn tune, an anthem, or a chant. And yet there are hundreds of thousands of human beings in our vast Metropolis in search of something that shall be a substitute for the public-house and the street corner. What are the clergy about? Why should not they, their choirs, and their organists, give a sacred concert every Sunday evening after the services of the day are concluded; and thus offer high entertainment to myriads of people?"

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast" is a well-worn quotation. It is, perhaps, not generally known how pianoforte playing saved a life in the dread days of terror, at the close of the last century, in Paris. One of the unfortunate ladies caught in the net of the Committee misnamed of *Public Safety*, was a professor of the piano at the National Institute of Music, and the director of the Conservatoire dared a heroic effort to save her, declaring he could not do without the best teacher in France. Hot and exhausted with their *patriotic* work, the Committee hesitated; and at last the president ordered in a piano and the captive in question, and demanded a performance of the "Marseillaise." The poor lady, gathering courage by degrees, favoured her grim hearers with an extraordinary improvisation on the air which then pervaded France, and worked it up to such an exciting pitch that the tribunal burst out at last into an enthusiastic chorus, which was caught up by the sentries outside. When at last it ceased, the chairman told the accomplished lady that she was evidently a true patriot, and at once acquitted her. So escaped Madame de Montgeroult, who, marrying again, became Countess de Charnage, and died at Florence in 1836.

The *Century* for May contains an article on Bird Music, by Mr. S. P. Cheney, in which the following extraordinary tribute is paid to the vocal gifts of the owl:—"White of Selborne says that one of his musical friends decided that 'all owls hoot in B flat;' another, that 'they vary some, almost a half-note below A;' another still, that 'the owls about the village hoot in three different keys—in G flat, in F sharp, in B flat, and in A flat.' This Yankee owl, true to the instincts of the soil, hooted in a key of his own, E flat. Though all owls undoubtedly indulge in vocal expression, the little screech-owl is probably their best musical representative. Indeed, in point of individuality of style, this artist stands alone, and must be ranked as a singer. To be sure, he has nothing of the spontaneous joy of the robin, of the frolic flow of the bobolink, nothing of the clear, clean vigour of the oriole; but he surpasses them all in tender, dulcet sentiment. Never attempting a boisterous strain, his utterances are pensive and subdued, often like a faint cry of despair. Chary of his powers, the screech-owl cuts his programme tormentingly short; and it is only after many trials that one is able to collect the disjointed strains that make his medley entire. Just at dark, some pleasant evening, you will hear his low, faint tremors. The owl ascends the scale generally not more than one or two degrees; the charm lies in his manner of descent, sometimes by a third, again by a fourth, and still again by a sixth. So rapidly and neatly is it done, that an expert violinist could not easily reproduce it. Perhaps the descent of the whinny of a horse comes the nearest to it of any succession of natural sounds."

The prize of 10,000 francs offered by the city of Paris for the best musical composition has been withheld this year, none of the fourteen scores submitted to the judges being considered worthy of receiving it.

Notes and News.

MR. LLOYD returned to London on June 11th from the United States. Both he and Mr. Santley hurried back in order specially to take part in the testimonial concert to Mr. Ambrose Austin, given at St. James's Hall on Wednesday evening, June 13th.

WE have reason to state that the reported engagement by Mr. Steinway of little Otto Hegner, for an American tour, is wholly imaginary, so far as next autumn and winter are concerned.

THE death is announced of the well-known bass singer, Mr. Winn. He was a vicar choral of St. Paul's, and had been secretary of the Round, Catch, and Canon Club.

THE death is announced, at the age of sixty-three, of the celebrated Belgian amateur and musical historian, the Chevalier von Elewyck. He wrote some valuable works on Flemish music, musicians, and bell-founders.

THE 48th anniversary of the Musical Artists' Society was held at Willis's Rooms on June 2nd. The programme included a bright and well-written pianoforte quartette in G by Miss Olivia Prescott; a sonata in E minor, for violin and piano, by Dr. Swinnerton Heap; and a septette in D by Mr. Aguilar.

MR. CARL ROSA will commence his next tour in August, and will in the course of the season add to his *répertoire* English versions of Halevy's "La Juive," Bizet's "Les Pêcheurs des Perles," and Meyerbeer's "L'Etoile du Nord."

MR. A. N. WORNUM, son and successor of the inventor of the now universal "cottage piano" action, died at the end of last month, aged 73.

MADAME PATTI made her *début* at Buenos Ayres in "Il Barbiere," and the total receipts were a little over \$22,000.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN has been appointed "correspondent member" for Great Britain of the Royal Institute of Music, Florence.

SARAH BERNHARDT (says *Truth*), who has been appearing at Nice in "La Tosca," paid an afternoon visit to Monte Carlo, where she won £180 at roulette.

THE enormous and, let it be added with all emphasis, thoroughly well-deserved reputation of Dr. Hans von Bülow notwithstanding, there were more empty seats in St. James's Hall on June 4th than we cared to count. It is useless to attribute this to the weather, perhaps the programme had something to do with it. Six sonatas and two sets of variations by one composer, on a June afternoon, are apt to alarm those who flirt with music, but have no serious intentions, either good or bad.

THE programme for the Festival of the Three Choirs at Hereford has been decided upon, and stands as follows:—Tuesday morning, "Elijah;" Tuesday evening, the "Golden Legend;" Wednesday morning, Handel's "Samson" and Sterndale Bennett's "Woman of Samaria;" Wednesday evening, part of the "Creation," Spohr's "God, Thou art Great," and Schubert's "Song of Miriam;" Thursday morning, Cherubini's Mass in D minor, Cowen's "Song of Thanksgiving" (written for the Melbourne Exhibition), and Ouseley's "St. Polycarp;" Thursday evening, a miscellaneous selection; Friday morning, the "Messiah." The artists engaged are Mesdames Albani, Ambler, Anna Williams, Hilda Wilson, and Enriquez; Messrs. E. Lloyd, Banks, Brereton, and Santley. Mr. Carrodus will hold the first violin, the conductor being, *ex officio*, the organist of the cathedral, Dr. Langdon Colborne.

THE honour of knighthood conferred upon Sir John Stainer by the Queen is thoroughly well deserved, as he is certainly the most eminent church musician now living in England. It will be interesting to give a few details of his early career. Born in London on June 6th, 1840, Stainer was originally a chorister boy at St. Paul's Cathedral, where he entered in 1847. He remained at St. Paul's until his voice broke at the age of sixteen. But even as a boy he was considered a "prodigy" player. At the age of fourteen he took his first organist's appointment at the Church of St. Benedict and St. Peter, Paul's Wharf. In 1860 he went to Magdalene College, Oxford, and shortly afterwards he succeeded Stephen Elvey as organist to the University. In 1865 he took his degree of Mus. Doc., and in 1872 he succeeded Sir John Goss as organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, which position, owing to failing eyesight, he resigned only last month. He is the composer of "Gideon," "The Daughter of Jairus," "St. Mary Magdalene," and "Calvary," and is a voluminous writer of organ and church music.

SIR CHARLES HALLÉ, on whom also the honour of knighthood has been conferred, in his early days was also a "prodigy," and had made many public appearances before the age of sixteen. He began to study under Rink of Darmstadt. In 1836 he went to Paris, and became a close friend of Chopin, Cherubini, Liszt, and others. Sir Charles Hallé made his *début* at Covent Garden, on May 12th, 1848, playing Beethoven's E flat concerto. In 1857 Sir Charles Hallé started his concerts at Manchester, and formed the famous Hallé orchestra, which is one of the very few permanent bands existing in the provinces. He is a well-known teacher, and among his pupils were the Princess of Wales and the late Duke of Albany.

MISS MATHILDE WOLFF gave a *matinée* at Messrs. Collard & Collard's concert rooms on Friday afternoon, June 8th, which was a decided success. Ten of her pupils played with great accuracy and spirit, giving evidence of unusually good training. Miss Wolff herself rendered Brahms's Rhapsody in B minor in splendid style, also a trio by Gate, and some of her own pianoforte compositions. Besides this, three of her songs were sung by Miss Fraser-Tuckie, which made a decided hit, especially "The Dying Girl" and "David's Message," both of them still in manuscript. Miss Wolff was further assisted by Mr. Val Marriott (violin) and Mr. P. Burnett (violin-cello). The room was crowded.

Music in Oxford.

THE inmates of Balliol College, Oxford, and those friends who could obtain tickets, enjoyed a rare treat at the two concerts given in the "Eights week." The Nottingham Philharmonic having paid Oxford a visit and seen the sights during the day, gave a selection of part-songs, etc. in the evening in the Balliol Hall, under the bâton of Mr. Marshall Ward. Their singing, it need hardly be said, was above all praise; and the performance of Bach's eight-part motett and Gounod's "Ave Verum"—unaccompanied—was something to be remembered for a lifetime. A word of praise is also due to Farmer's septett in D minor (MS.) which, though not showing great originality, is clever, and rather tuneful—especially in certain variations in the slow movement. Among the fiddlers Messrs. A. Gibson and Hann were most praiseworthy in their attempts to do all justice to the music, and the veteran flautist Nicholson also shone.

The second concert, given on Sunday, illustrated the "solo" element in music as a contrast to that on Friday, which consisted, as will be seen by the programme appended, almost wholly of part-singing. Especial glory is due to Herr Josef Ludwig for his magnificent virtuosity in Tartini's G minor sonata, and Ernst's "Airs Hongrois;" also for his sympathetic simplicity in Schumann's "Traumerei," with

quartett accompaniment. He was applauded to the echo, and most deservedly.

Miss Adrienne Lester, a deep contralto of great promise, sang "He was despised," and "O Rest in the Lord." She has hardly got her voice quite under control, but without doubt has magnificent material to work upon, and will have a most successful career. She appealed to her audience alike by the richness of her notes and the beauty of her person, both of which are remarkable. Pergolesi's "Stabat Mater," of which the quality is often questionable, was most indifferently performed, although Miss Farmer, a soprano of merit, whom we have often heard before, sang fairly well. She needs confidence, however. Below are the programmes of both concerts.

PROGRAMME.

Friday, May 25th.

(Nottingham Philharmonic Choir.)

Vocal.

Bach	Motett—"Be not afraid."	
Mendelssohn	"Come with torches."	Walpurgisnacht.
Gounod	"Ave Verum."	
T. Farmer	Part Song—"Sweet and Low."	
F. N. Lohr	Slumber Song.	
J. Danby	Glee—"Awake, Aolian Lyre."	

Instrumental.

Septett in D minor,	John Farmer.
Solo Viola,	Mr. Cave.
Solo Violin,	Mr. A. Gibson.

Sunday, May 27th.

Sonata for Piano and Strings, No. III.		<i>Haendel.</i>
Soli Violin	Sonate G minor.	<i>Tartini.</i>
	"Trauerelei."	<i>Schumann.</i>
	"Airs Hongrois."	<i>Ernst.</i>
	Herr Josef Ludwig.	
Soli Contralto	"He was despised."	<i>Haendel.</i>
	"O Rest in the Lord."	<i>Mendelssohn.</i>
	Miss Adrienne Lester.	
Cantata	"Stabat Mater"	<i>Pergolesi.</i>
Chorale	"Ein Feste Burg."	<i>Martin Luther.</i>

New Musical Studies.

BOOK II.

ON TOUCH.

By BERNHARD ALTHAUS.

CHAPTER V.—(continued.)

THE "LOUD" TOUCH AND THE "FULL."

PROPOSE to make it a rule that the *ff* touch be considered an effect, an exception. For all effects, when used too often, especially in close succession, naturally pall upon the ear and taste. An effect, to be an effect, must be exceptional.

A sudden *ff* after a prolonged soft passage (see Moonlight Sonata, 3rd Part, bars 1 and 2) is most effective. In the instance named it even can only be really produced, if the pianist plays the preceding semiquaver passage piano, thereby saving his strength and lightness for the two chords, one loud, one soft, which follow. If the same passage were played *crescendo*, or *f*, the average pianist's strength would be exhausted before the time, and the two chords, so difficult to strike correctly and distinct from one another, would be played badly or even stumbled over. This single example shows Beethoven's keen insight and wonderful wisdom as regards pianoforte music, and its necessities of touch.

The fact is, that the greatest care ought to be exercised in using the *ff* touch. How often, through the composer's neglect and carelessness, or the engraver's error, is an *f* or *ff* placed on the last note, or even the last quaver or semiquaver of a bar, notoriously its weakest point! Its appearance is generally, to say the least, doubtful and suspicious, and has to be taken with the proverbial "grain of salt."

Not, however, so with Beethoven.

Here the greatest master is again an exception. It is one of his peculiarities that he intentionally often places an *f* or even a *ff* accent on the last note of a bar, just as he is pleased to place a sudden and unexpected *p* or *pp* on the first or strongest part of the bar, even the first note of a legato phrase, which, as a rule, has to be made prominent by touch. To be positively sure of the correctness of all such fortes or pianos, I recommend every one to use the editions of Hans von Bülow or Charles Hallé, in preference, as being the most reliable.

The *ff* touch is very effective in a short run or scale, especially if occurring after a moderate or soft passage. When Beethoven writes *ff* to such a run, I should play it throughout *ff*, every note; because only then it will prove effective, and expressive of energy, power, and resolution. A descending

scale for both hands occurs, for instance, in the Sonata in C major, Op. 1, No. 3, part I.



But, as regards long-continued passages of octaves, intervals, or chords marked *ff* at the commencement, I should deprecate a literal execution, and would rather adhere to the spirit of the law, which distinguishes between strong and weak parts of the bar, giving the best accent to the first, the second best to the third beat (in common time), and none to either the second or fourth beat, being the weak points. Here also the letter kills—the music, but the spirit gives life to it.

But that is only one way of doing justice to such music. Let any player try runs in double octaves or a passage of chords (every note *ff*), and after that play the same passages again with proper modifications of touch.

The ascending passages *crescendo*, that is *p*, *mf*, *f*, *ff*, the descending ones *decrescendo*, that means *ff*, *f*, *mf*, *p*, so that the touch should change every 4 or 8 notes.

Then let him besides play every first note of each bar *ff* or *f*, let him manage so that the last *crescendo* note falls exactly on the first note of the bar.

Let him try the thing in all three ways, and, if he be a musical person, he will not be in doubt as to what is the best for the music, and also, perhaps, most convenient for his fingers.

There is, besides, a great doubt whether a composer really has meant every note to be played loud. Good composers, as, for instance, Mendelssohn and others, place a separate mark on every single note, if they really want the whole of the passage to be struck with force. There is a passage in the Andante and Rondo Capriccioso, Op. 14, 1st page,—



where there can be no doubt about the composer's intention. They are expressed threefold:—

1. By the *ff*.
2. By the slur over the dots, which means that every note is to be shortened by a quarter, and marked distinctly, according to its merits.
3. By the *<* given to each single note.

But even here I should distinguish between the higher and lower notes, giving the preference-touch to B, and, among the accidentals, F, D, and A flat to the latter, as the most uncommon, unexpected, and contrasting note. All the 7 notes I should consider more or less full. Therefore some sort of discreet *crescendo* and *decrescendo* might, with advantage, be indulged in:



At the end of the same masterpiece there occur a quantity of octave passages, for both hands, marked *ff*, with several additional *ff* on the last and first bass notes of bars, which present, in their entirety, a striking contrast to the airy, fairy-like strains of expressive melody, charming whims, conceits, caprices, and lively sallies that went before. Perhaps the great master had a distinct object in view, but, as he was very young when he wrote this finished masterpiece, it is more likely that those passages were a spontaneous outburst of youthful humour. Perhaps he intended them (as Bülow ingeniously suggests) to express the merry rollicking noise made by the departing elves, fairies, and sprites, after having indulged in all manner of pretty playful pranks and spirited jokes. However, as regards the *ff*, I think not that Mendelssohn here meant every single note to be struck loud, but rather chiefly the first Bass notes of each separate figure, which is also the first and strongest part of the bar. He is well known to have detested all exaggeration and anything tending to continued noise; all his playing was characterized by freshness and spirit, yet always tempered by a certain noble simplicity and consummate elegance and grace. I believe that of all great teachers and players, Hans von Bülow's interpretation is the best, because the truest and most natural. He plays the first note of each bar loud, and the remaining 11 semiquavers piano *crescendo*. This is at once natural, graceful, most effective, and truly artistic.

There is no question, that a single (occasional) loud note is telling and effective in its way. In the works of the great masters it occurs often (in Adagios by Beethoven), even twice in one bar, for instance in the Sonata pathétique Adagio:



But look at this extraordinary passage. Every note bears an accidental, and is therefore an extraordinary note: a sudden E major in A flat.

Exceptional music naturally requires exceptional emphasis, extraordinary accents. But really grand music must always remain the exception. And here, and at present, we have rather to discuss the rule, which is that loud notes (especially in slow movements) must ever be the exception and not the rule.

There is something really grand, ascantine, strong, heroic in a few single notes spoken out trumpet-tongued, or also a few loud and rich chords, even intervals, for both hands. They seem to give expression to what is most attractive and fascinating in man—power, energy, enthusiasm, indomitable courage, daring, pluck, heroism.

But might not even extraordinary things be spoken in a moderate yet firm tone of voice, and be all the more dignified on that account? Under all circumstances, music must be made, not noise!

How many amateurs (and I am afraid also a few professionals) have painfully tried to imitate Rubinstein's forcible style, his unsurpassed grandeur, but only produced heavy, reckless, unmitigated noise!

The noise which a great genius makes is a very different thing. He is an exception, being his own rule—and inimitable.

There are great disadvantages attached to loud and heavy playing, even to single loud octaves or chords. If they come suddenly, like a gun going off without a warning, they are apt to cause a shock to nervous people. Again, with others, more cool or collected and strong in nerve, they may produce an undesirable effect, not contemplated by composer and pianist. They tickle the nerves of the cynical, and excite ridicule, risibility. Often I have seen people laughing at such a sudden *ff*, not, however, in a work by a great master, who knows how to artistically prepare his listeners for such an event, by keeping them in delightful suspense and wondering expectation.

But what fearful noises are being daily executed on grand and other pianos, even in concert-rooms. One may well call such playing literally the "execution" of all good music, i.e. its destruction. As long as inferior stuff is played, by all means let it thus be "executed," if only the printed copies could be burnt as well! How many otherwise good players have in present times yielded to the "supposed demand" for thunder on the piano! The wretched instruments positively moan, groan, grunt, growl, grumble, and thunder under the ruthless punching, knocking, and banging of their enemies, who ought to be their friends! What music! It seems all a hideous mockery, a grating, jarring noise with pedal unlimited, unceasing, but without rhyme or reason—a mere noise of notes, just knocked off "in time." I have seen players almost hit the keys with their fists or with the right or left side of the hands, where brute strength is situated!

My dear, grand old master (A. B. Marx, in Berlin) used to say: "You must touch the piano, as you would touch or press the hand of a dear old friend." But now-a-days the dear old friend gets his ears boxed, his face slapped, and his hands wrenched from him.

Another disadvantage in loud and heavy playing is this: Unless the player is possessed of great muscular strength, with nerves like steel, and muscles like iron, such playing is terribly exhausting to the nerves. It deadens the action of the wrist, it paralyses the action of the fingers; and the time, after a while, must get dragged. The law of nature is this: When quick notes are, for any length of time, played too heavily, they must inevitably become slow; likewise short notes must become too long. For, the fuller the touch, the longer the sound. And the longer this full or heavy touch is used, the more tired do all muscles and nerves become, till temporary, partial, or total paralysis sets in, and the player breaks down from sheer exhaustion.

But also the listener gets tired, and the total effect of the performance is unsatisfactory and disappointing. All music-lovers of good taste detest such playing, however much it may please those who like a "good row."

(To be continued.)

Answers to Correspondents.

AMBITION.—1. Perseverance is the only way. 2. Not at all too old for training. 3. Handel.

F. W. HYDE.—Sorry for delay. December 1886, Isolde, costume portrait; November 1886, Dr. Spark; October 1886, Liszt's funeral, and portrait after death; September 1886, Kundry, costume portrait; August 1886, Johan Svendsen; July 1886, Adeline Patti; June 1886, Stephen Heller; May 1886, Georgina Burns; April 1886, Liszt; March 1886, Sarasate; February 1886, Madame Nerada; January 1886, Christine Nilsson; December 1885, Mary Davies; Christmas Number, Gounod; November 1885, Marie Rose; October 1885, Albani; September 1885, Richter, also Dvorák, Cowen, and Stanford; August 1885, Princess of Wales as Doctor of Music; May 1885, Handel. The others are not to be had now.

NUMBER 25.—Williams, 20 High Street, Arcade, Cardiff.

Owing to press of matter, the article on the "City Temple" is postponed till next month.

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The Editor

THE EDITOR.

"Magazine of Music,"
LONDON.

May 10th, 1888.

DEAR SIR,—Many are bidden to the feast, but few accept. I have written to several friends about the Magazine, but, with a unanimity which is little short of marvellous, they begin to make excuse.

The eyesight of one is too bad to admit of reading "the small print." Another one, musical herself, has a husband who is not similarly inclined, and who therefore objects, dog-in-the-manger-like, to his better half cultivating that cheerful spirit of harmony, with which he cannot sympathise. These good people all seem to imagine that I must be wanting to get some advantage out of them, instead of the advantage being all the other way.

However, all are not so worldly-minded, and I have prevailed on three more music-loving souls to throw in their little mite towards helping you in your noble and unselfish work.

In the meantime, be of good courage; slowly but surely you are certain to succeed. And in any case, you have the satisfaction—and what a GRAND feeling it must be—of knowing that you are every month bringing joy and gladness, and ever-increasing interest, to thousands of busy people, to whom Music, and everything relating to it, affords a delightful rest and recreation after the toils and worries of business.

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Yours very sincerely,

HY. E. O'DWYER.

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VOICE.

PIANO. *pp*

8

8 *crea.*

rit. *Tempo*

And the wind went out to

rit. *pp* *Tempo*

meet with..... the sun At the

Teo. *Teo.*

dawn when the night was done, And he

racked the clouds in lofty dis-

dain, As they flocked in his airy train.

And the

Tempo ma poco lento.

earth was grey, and grey was the sky, In the

pp stacc. *dim.*

hour when the stars must die; And the moon had fled with her

express. *cres.*

express. *pp*

sad, wan..... light, For her king - dom was gone with

mf *rit.* *

rit.

night,..... For her king-dom was gone with night.....

rit. *pp* *p* *Tempo* *cres.*

mf *cra.* *f* *allargando*

Tea *Tea* *Tea* *Tea*

rit. *f* *Tempo* *allargando*

Then the sun up-leapt in might and in power,..... And the

ff *rit.* *Tempo* *colla voce*

Tea

worlds woke to hail..... the hour,..... And the sea, the sea stream'd

f *allargando*

Tea *Tea* *Tea* *Tea* *Tea* *Tea*

red..... from the kiss..... of his brow;

f *p*

Tea *Tea* *Tea* *Tea* *Tea* *Tea*

p There was.... glo - ry and light *cres.* e -

now..... To his tawn - y mane..... and tan - gle of flush leapt the

wind with a blast and a rush.... *rit.* *f* In his strength un - seen..... in

cres. *rit.* *f* *Tempo grandioso* *allargando*

colla parte *ff* *Tempo grandioso*

tri - umph up - borne, Rode he out..... to meet with the

R.H.

cres.
morn!..... In his strength un - seen in

rit. *ad lib.*
tri - umph up - borne Rode he out..... to meet with the

sf colla parte *dim.* *p*

morn!.....

accel. *cres.* *ff Tempo*

8

rit. *dim.*



W. E. 86



Edward Lloyd





MADAME NORDICA.



"ALMA DEL GRAN POMPEO"

"GIULIO CESARE."

HANDEL.

PIANO.

p

Al - ma del gran Pom - pe - o Che al ce - ner suo d'in -

tor - no In - vi - si - bil t'ag - gi - ri Fur om - bra i tuoi tro -

fe - i Om - bra la tu - a gran dez - za e un om - bra

sei Co - si ter - min - a al fi - na il fas - tou -

f

ma - no Je - ri chi vi - vo oc - cu - po un mon - do in

dim.

guerra Og - gi ri - sol - to in pol - ve un ur - na

ser - ra tal di cia scu - no ahi las - so! Il prin -

ci - pi - o è di ter - ra è il fi - ne un sas - so

Mi - se - ra vi - ta O quan - to e fral tuo sta - to!

ti forma un soffio e tu dis - trug - ge un fia - to.

AIR, "Where e'er you walk?"

FROM THE MUSICAL DRAMA OF SEMELE.

Where e'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade,

Trees where you sit shall crowd in - to a shade; Trees where you sit shall crowd in -

to a shade; Where e'er you walk cool

gales shall fan the glade, Trees where you sit shall crowd in - to a

sha de; Trees where you sit shall

cres. *p*

crowd in - to..... a shade;

f

Where - e'er you tread the blush - ing flow'rs shall

p *Fine* *p*

rise, And all things flourish, And all things flourish where -

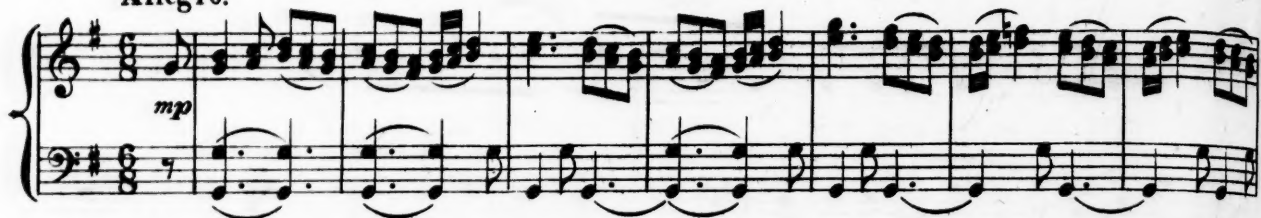
adagio

e'er you turn your eyes. where - e'er you turn your eyes where - e'er you turn your eyes.

cres. *adagio* *D. C. Fine*

DUET—"O Lovely Peace!"

Allegro.



1st Voice



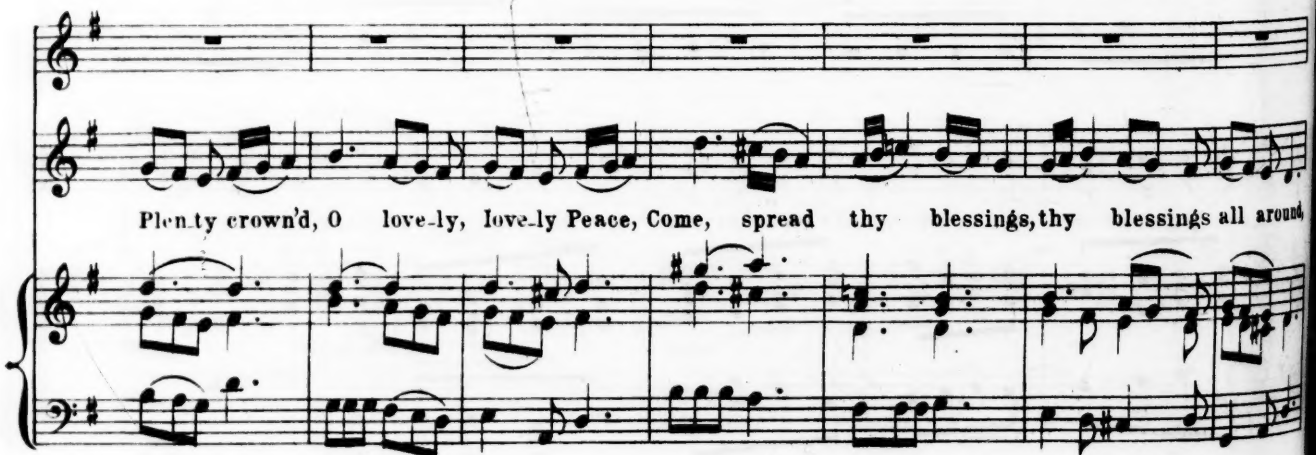
O love-ly, love-ly Peace, Come, spread thy blessings, thy blessings all around:

2nd Voice

O love-ly Peace, with



Plenty crown'd, O love-ly, love-ly Peace, Come, spread thy blessings, thy blessings all around



O lovely, lovely Peace, O..... love-ly Peace, O love-ly, love-ly Peace,

O..... O love-ly, love-ly Peace, O..... love-ly Peace,

mf

Let fleecy flocks the hills adorn, And valleys smile with wavy corn,

Let fleecy flocks the hills adorn, And valleys smile with wavy corn,

p *mf*

Let fleecy flocks the hills adorn, And valleys smile...

And valleys smile with wavy corn, And valleys smile...

p

...with wavy corn, And smile... with wavy corn with

...with wavy corn, And smile...

wa - vy corn, with wa - vy corn, with wa - vy
 with wa - vy corn, with wa - vy corn, with wa - vy corn,

corn, Let flee - cy flocks the hills a - dorn the
 with wa - vy corn, Let flee - cy flocks the hills adorn the

mf *p*

Adagio *tr* hills a - dorn, And smile with wa - vy corn.
 hills a - dorn, And smile with wa - vy corn.

Adagio (Voices alone) *p* *p* *mf* *Tempo Imo*

mf

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